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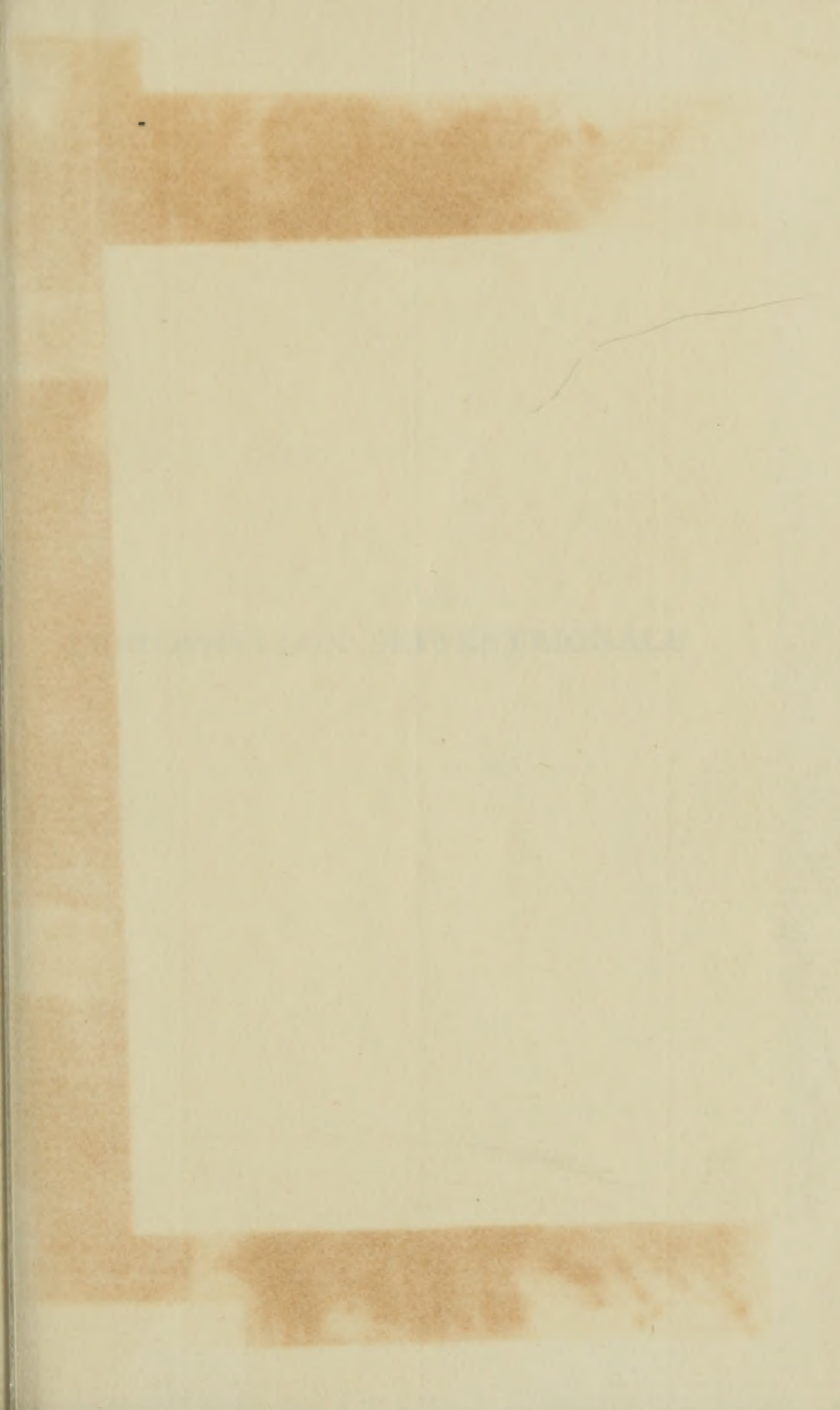
Professor Lewis Campbell M.A. L.L.D.


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LEPTOPHYLLON SEPTENTRIONALE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LEPTOPHYLLON  
SEPTENTRIONALE

TRANSLATIONS AND OTHER TRIFLES

BY L. CAMPBELL

*The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it.*

EDINBURGH MDCCCLXXXVII

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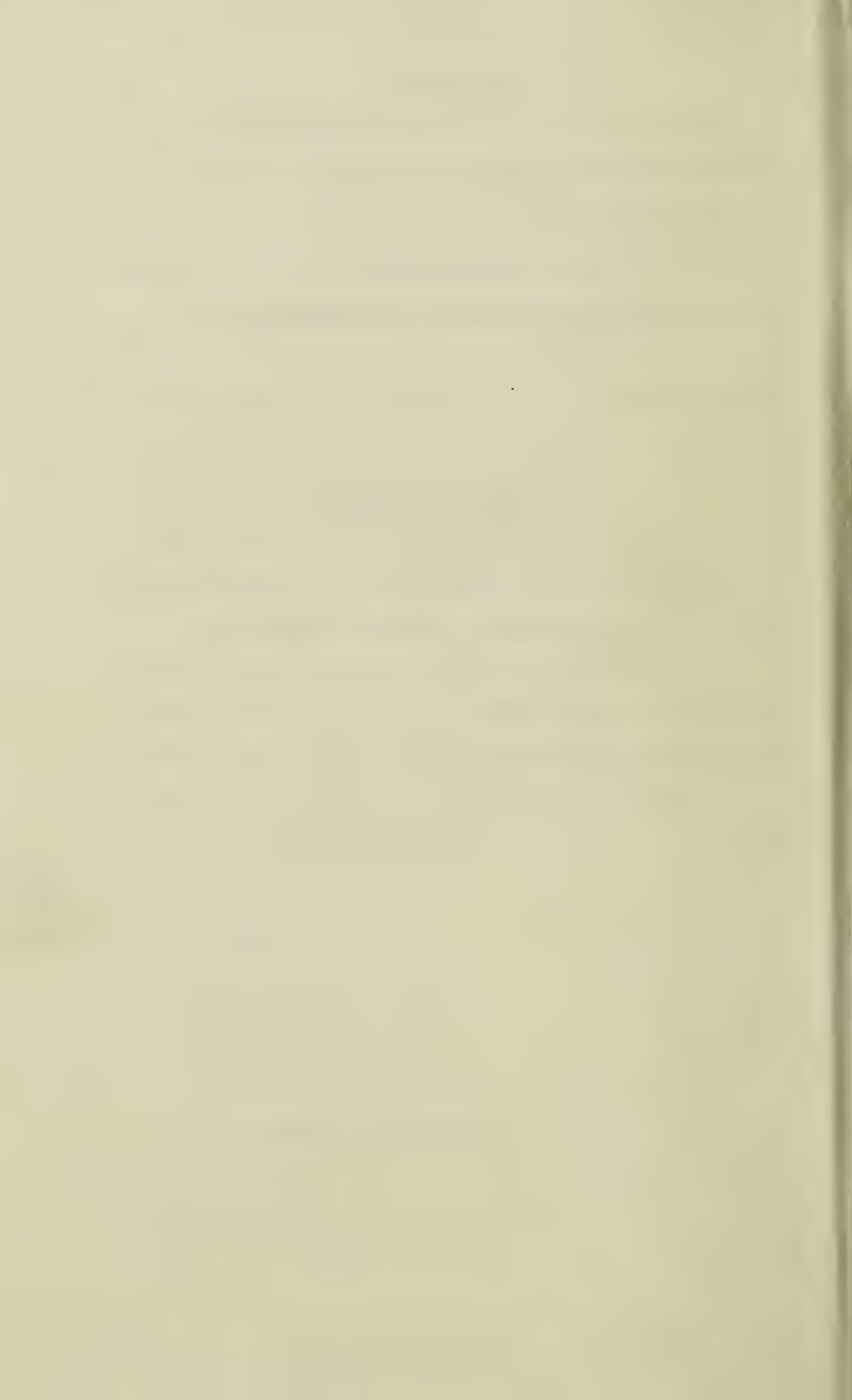
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## VERSUS COMMENDATICII.

ARTURUS SIDGWICK AUTORI S. D.

Δέλτου δέδεγμαι δῶρον, εὐμούσους πτυχάς,  
 παρνασογεννὲς ἄσμα καλλίστης λύρας.  
 πλείστην δ' ἄνωγά σ' ἀντιδέξασθαι χάριν.  
 καὶ πάντ' ἐθαύμασ'. αὐτὸ μὲν τὸ βιβλίον,  
 ὡς τερπνόν, ὥς ἀστέιον· οὐδὲ τῆς γραφῆς  
 στιγμαὶς παρήκ' ἄν, εὐφνῇ τυπώματα,  
 τὸ μὴ οὐκ ἐπαίνου πᾶν ἐπάξιον καλεῖν.  
 πλείστον δὲ τοῦτ' ἐθαύμασ', εἴ τις εἰς ἀνὴρ  
 ἅπανθ' ὅσ' ἔστι μέτρ' ἐπίσταται νέμειν·  
 Ὅμηρίχ' ἐξάμετρα, χειμάρροις ἴσα,  
 ἃ τ' Αἰσχύλος μεθήκε Τιτανόστομος,  
 θρηνήματ' ἐλέγων, δοχμίων πηδήματα,  
 μέλη χορευτῶν,—ἀσφαλῶς ποιεῖς ἅπαν.  
 ἦ μὴν ἀήθης ἀμμένει με χαρμονή,  
 ἐφήμενον κλίναισιν ἔστιās πέλας,  
 τοιοῖςδὲ μέλεισι καρδίαν ἰώμενον ἄλλ' ἢ τοῖς μέλεσι καρδίας βίβλος.



GULIELMUS R. HARDIE EIDEM S. D.

Grates pro lepidò novo libello  
 qua tandem referam adlocutione ?  
 non vates ego, nec canora sollers  
 verbis nectere verba. non Hymettum,  
 non clivum tetigi virentis unquam  
 Parnassi, laticem aut bibi nitentem  
 fontis, qui placuit novem Camenis,  
 prodirem ut subito novus poeta.  
 tentandum est tamen, aureos licebit  
 versus versibus aereis rependam,  
 Tydides velut, arma viliora  
 protendens, Lycium ducem fefellit—  
 (atqui, dum queror, ecce, quod volebam,  
 absolvo tibi qualecunque carmen)—  
 tu voces, quibus in foro furentem  
 plebem concitat et cruenta moestus  
 monstrat volnera Caesaris sodalis  
 Romae, Cecropio refers cothurno :

(nec quicquam perit : ipse si rediret  
 umbris redditus auctor ex opacis,  
 digna nec minus ardua refictum  
 miraretur opus suum loquela) ;  
 tu fratrem grave dedecus sororis  
 suadentem et cupientem eo salutem,  
 foedis condicionibus, pacisci—  
 cur vero memorare cuncta tentem ?  
 id magni est, patriae quod attulisti  
 contemptae decus : ecce gloriari  
 iam nobis quoque protinus licebit ;  
 non nunc ad Thamesin nec ad Sabrinam  
 solas carmina docta cantat Anglus ;  
 et nos novimus : algidis in oris,  
 qua rupes maris aestus impotentis  
 arctoas lavat, est honos Camenis  
 et templum et chorus et pius sacerdos.



I.

Ἀθυρμάτια.

Ἀνάπαντα τῆς σπουδῆς γίγνεται ἐνίοτε ἡ παιδιά.

## I.

IN haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;  
But when he saw his mother's eye  
Watch him in speechless agony,  
Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—  
'Alas!' she sobb'd,—'and yet be gone,  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son !'  
One look he cast upon the bier,  
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,  
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,  
First he essays his fire and speed,  
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss  
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.



## I.

Αἰψ' ἄρ' ὃ γ' ἡΐθεος πατρὸς τελαμῶνι μάχαιραν  
 ἦραρεν ἐκ λαγόνων, περὶ δὲ ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
 ὥμοισιν βάλετο· πρόσσω δ' ὥρμαινε φέρεσθαι.  
 τῇ δ' ἄρ' ὀρίνθη θυμός, ἀκηχεμένη δὲ σιωπῇ  
 ὄν παῖδα προσεδέρκετ' ἐν ἔντεσι πατρὸς ἰόντα.  
 χεῖρε δ' ἀνασχομένη ποτιδέξατο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸς  
 ἔετ' ἐπιξαφελῶς περὶ μητέρι χεῖρε βαλέσθαι.  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα φῦ χεῖλεσσιν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ἐκ δ' οἰόμαζε.  
 Μῆτερ ἐμὴ, σὺ δὲ χαῖρέ γ', ἐγὼ δέ κε σῆμα φέροίμι.  
 Ἥ δ' αὖτ' ἤχυντο μάλλον, ἔπος δ' ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·  
 ὦμοι ἐγώ· σὺ δ' ὅμως, πατρὸς μέγα κῦδος ἀνίσχων,  
 βάσκ' ἴθ' ἐπειγόμενος, μηδ' ἀχυνμένης ἀλέγιζε.  
 ἦ ῥ', ὃ δ' ἐπεὶ μητρὸς πικρὴν ἐπάκουσεν ὁμοκλήν,  
 παῦρα μὲν εἰστήκει, θαλερὸν δ' ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ,  
 πνεῦμα δ' ἄρ' ἐν στήθεσσι μόγῃς ξυνάγειρε βίηφιν  
 αὐθις ἀναπνεύσας, πρὶν δ' ἔστεινε κυδάλιμον κῆρ·  
 κρᾶτα δ' ὃ γ' ἀργήεντι λόφῳ πεπνυκασμένον ἦρεν,  
 εἴτ' ἀπέβη, πῶλῳ ἐναλίγκιος, ὅς τ' ἀπὸ φάτνης  
 δέσμον ἀπορρήξας γενεῆς ἐρικυδέος ὀρμῇ,  
 φῦς ἀγαθῶν γονέων, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἀγλαῖηφι πεποιθώς  
 ῥίμφα ἔ γούνα φέρει διερῶν πειρώμενον ἄρθρων,  
 ὥς διὰ βησσάων, ἀνά τ' ἄγκεα, πεῖρε κέλευθον·  
 σῆμα δ' ἄρ' ἐν χεῖρεσσιν ἄνω φλογερωπὸν ἔχεσκεν.

## II.

THE crowd's wild fury sunk again  
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.  
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd  
For blessings on his generous head,  
Who for his country felt alone,  
And prized her blood beyond his own.  
Old men, upon the verge of life,  
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife ;  
And mothers held their babes on high,  
The self-devoted Chief to spy,  
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
To whom the prattlers owed a sire :  
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;  
As if behind some bier beloved,  
With trailing arms and drooping head,  
The Douglas up the hill he led,  
And at the Castle's battled verge,  
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

II.

Κὰμ μὲν ἄρ' αὖ λαοῖσι πέσεν μένος, ὄμματα δέ σφι  
 δακρύοφι πλησθεν, θυμὸς δ' ἀτέραμνος ἰάνθη.  
 ὥς δ' ἀνέμοιο βίῃ δώροισι ὑγροῖσιν ἐθέλχθη  
 ἥματι χειμερινῷ, ὅτ' ἐπιβρίσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος,  
 ὥς τῶν δάκρυσιν αἵτις ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.  
 ὦδε δέ τις εἴπεςκεν, ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·  
 αἱ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπολλων,  
 ὥς Τυδεὺς πάντεσσι μάκαρ κτεάτεσσι γένοιτο,  
 ὥς πρὸ φίλης ψυχῆς ἦν πατρίδα γαῖαν ἐτίμα.  
 ὥς φάσαν εὐχόμενοι, ποτὶ δ' αἰθέρα χεῖρας ἀνίσχον.  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα καὶ πολιοὶ μετὰ τοῖς ἡρώντο γέροντες,  
 οὔνεκα δὴ σφιν ἔριν Τυδεὺς πολὺδακρυν ἔπαυσεν.  
 αἱ δ' ἀβρῆς ἀνέχουσαι ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι γυναιῖκες  
 παῖδας ἄδην φωνεῦντας αἰδρεῖνσι νόοιο,  
 δείκνυσαν, ὃς πατέρα σφι φίλον πρόφρων ἐσάωσει,  
 οὐδ' εἴξεν λώβῃ καὶ ὀνειδέσιν οἷς σφ' ἐχόλωσαν.  
 τὸν δ' ἀέκοντες ὅμως φύλακες πρὸς δώματ' ἔπεμπον,  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔχαιρον τοί γε, κατηφείῃ δὲ βαρύνθην,  
 ὥχθησαν δ' αὐτοί περ ἀπηνέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς θ' ἐτάρου τεθνηϊότος ἄλγος ἄρηται  
 ὃν πλείωτον φιλέεσκε, κάρη δ' ἤμινσε πέδονδε,  
 ἔλκει δ' ἔγχος ὀπισθε, σίδηρος δ' οὔδει ἐάφθη,  
 ὥς οἱ τῷ γ' εἰς ἔρκος ἄνω στενάχοντες ἔποντο,  
 αἰδοῖ δ' εἰσορόωντες ἐνοσφίσθην καὶ ἀνάγκη.

## III.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

III.

Ὅς φίλος ἀθανάτοις πέλεται γενεῇ τε τροφαῖς τε  
 οὔποθ' ὃ γ' ἀλλοτρίῳ λήματι δοῦλος ἔφν·  
 ἀσπίδι δ' οὐδεμιᾷ χρήται πλὴν φροντίσιν ὀρθαῖς,  
 οὐδὲ τέχνην ἀσκεῖ πλὴν τὰ δίκαια λέγειν.  
 οὐδὲ τύραννον ἔχει ψυχῆς ἔντοσθεν ἔρωτα·  
 ἄδην δ' οὐ δεδιὼς ἡρέμα προσδέχεται  
 αἰέν· ἐπεὶ κείνόν γ' οὔτις προσέδῃσε μέριμνα  
 τῷ βιότῳ πολλῶν οὔτ' ὀλίγων φάτιος.  
 οὐδ' ὁπόσους τε τύχῃ μεγάλους καὶ τόλμα προσαύξει  
 ζηλοῖ ἐπιβλέψας, οὐδ' ἔμαθέν γε παθὼν  
 ὥς ποτ' ἐπαινοῦντες λώβαις πλείσταις ἐκάκωσαν·  
 ἐν δὲ πολιτείας εἶδος ἄγει τὸ καλόν.  
 Οὗτος ἀπήλλακται γλώσσης βλάπτοντος ἑταίρου  
 εὐσεβίας ἐχυρὸν κρησφύγετον κατέχων,  
 οὔτε γὰρ εἶ πράξας βίον ἂν θώπεσσι παράσχοι  
 οὔτε πεσὼν ὑβρεῖ καὶ ρὸν ἐνόντα λίποι.  
 δαίμονα δὲ νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέματα πάνθ' ἱκετεύει  
 ἔρμαίου πρότερον νοῦν ἀρετὴν τε πορεῖν,  
 ἐν δ' ἀσινεῖ βιότῳ διάγων ἡμαρ πανάμωμον  
 ἢ φίλον ἢ βίβλον σῶφρον' ἑταιρίσατο.



This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall :  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

IV.

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days ;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God will raise me up, I trust.

θάρσος ἐλευθερίαν τε νέμων οὐ δεσμὸν ἐπέγνων  
ἐλπίδος αἰρούσης ἀργαλέον τε φόβου·

γῆς μὲν ἄμοιρος ἐὼν βασιλεὺς αὐτοῦ γε πέφανται,  
κληῆρον δ' ἐσχηκὼς μηδένα, πάντ' ἄρ' ἔχει.

IV.

Χρόνος μὰν χρυσάμοιβος ἄστατος  
πάνθ' ὅσ' ἄμμιν ἦν ποτ' ἐγγυαθείς,  
εὐφροσύναν κλεινά τ' ἀγάλμαθ' ἄβας,  
οἷζυρῶς ἀπέδωκεν  
γὰρ τέφραν τε τελευτῶν,  
αἰῶνα δὲ πᾶσι πλάνοις περανθένθ'  
ἔρμ' ἀπέκλεισεν ἐς εὐρῶεν  
χώματος ἀμνάστου·  
ἐλπίδα δ' ἐκ καὶ τέφρας  
τόν δαίμον' ἔχω μ' ἀνεγείραι.

## v.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

V.

Κώδων μὲν γοάει· τὸ δὲ χρύσειον ἔφθιται ἡμαρ·  
μυκηθμῷ δ' ἔρπουσ' ἐκ πεδίων ἀγέλαι.

Οἷον δὲ πρὸς οἶκον ἰὼν βαρέ' ἔλκει κῶλα γεωργός·  
τῶν δ' ἀγρῶν μόνος ὢν τῇ σκοτίῃ μετέχω.

Οὔτις ἄφαρ κλέπτει σκιεροῖς τισὶ φέγγεσι χώρα,  
σεμνὴ δ' αἰθέρ' ἔχει παμμέγαν ἥσυχίην·

Πλὴν βαρύφωνος ὕπνῳ πύκα κάνθαρος οἶμα τροχάζει  
κοιμᾶ θ' ὑψινόμους ἡχὴν ἄσημος οἷς·

Ἢ δ' ἄρα κισσοφόρου στονόεσσ' ὑπὸ φυλλάδι πύργου  
γλαυῆς εἰς μαρτυρίην ἀγκαλεῖ Ἀρτέμιδα,

Εἴ τις ἀπορρήτῳ χριμφθεὶς οἰκήματι λιπεῖ  
αὐτῆς ἀρχαῖον νυκτὶ μονῆρες ἔδος.

Γραίων δ' οὐ πτελεῶν κυπαρίσσου τ' εὖσκιον οὐδας  
πλείοσιν εὐρῶεν χώμασιν οἰδάνεται,

Κείμενοι ἐν στεινῷ τὸν αἰὲν κοιμῶνται ἕκαστος  
δωματίῳ κώμης ἀγρότεροι πατέρες.

Οὐδ' ἄρα καλλίπνους φωνὴ κηώδεος ἡοῦς,  
οὐδὲ χελιδονίδων ἐκ τέγεος λαλιή

Σάλπιγξ τ' ἀμφ' ἰάχουσ' ἰδ' ἀλέκτωρ λαμπρὰ λεληκὼς  
οὐ τοῦσδ' ἐξεγερεῖ τοῦ χθαμαλοῖο λέχους.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?



Ἐσπερινὸν σέλας οὐ σφιν ἐφέστιον αἴθις ἀδήσει,  
οὐδὲ γυνὴ διέπουσ' ἄσυχος ἐργασίην·  
Οὐδέ γ' ἐφαλλόμενοι τραυλῇ δέξονται ἀμίλλῃ  
παῖδες, τριλλίστων ἰέμενοι στομάτων.

Ἡ θάμα μὲν κείνοις θέρος ἀμητῆρσιν ὑπεῖξεν,  
αὐτὰρ ἐλαύνοντων δ' ἡ θάμα γὰρ ἐάγη.  
Ὡς σὺν χαρμοσύναις τετράορον ὤρσαν ἄμαξαν·  
ὥς πέλεκυς πληγαῖς πᾶν πελέμιζε νάπος.

Μὴ φρήν ἢ φιλότιμος ἀτιμάτω πόνον ἐσθλὸν  
τούτων, μηδὲ χαρὰς ἡπεδανόν τε βίον·  
Μηδέ τις ἐν θαλίῃσι κλύων ὑπέροπτα γελάτω  
βαιὰ πενεστάων ταυτ' ἀδόλων τε πάθη.

Λαμπρῶς γὰρ κόμπος γενεῆς καὶ σχῆμα τύραννον,  
χρυσὸς ὅσον τιμῆς ἡδ' ὅσα κάλλος ἔχει,  
Πάντα μίαν μίμνει τὴν οὐδένι φύξιμον ὥρην.  
πᾶσά δ' ὁδὸς κύδευς ἐκφέρει εἰς Ἀἶδω.

Μηδέ γε τῶνδ' ἐλλείμματ' ἀνὴρ μέγαλαυχος ὀνόσθω,  
εἰ μὴ χεῖρ μνήμων σῆμ' ἐπὶ τοῖσδ' ἔθετο,  
Οὐδ' οὐλοχὸν διὰ δῶμα νεώ γλυπτὸν τε μέλαθρον  
σεμνὰ θεὸν τιμῶν ὄργαν' ἔησι μέλος.

Πῶς γὰρ ἐπίγραπτον τεύχος καὶ ἀγάλματα φώτων  
ζωτικ' ἔτ' ἂν ζῶην τὴν διερὴν κατάγοι ;

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes ;

Τίς δ' ἂν ἔπαινος ὁπὶ σποδυῖν ἀκούσαν ὀρίναι ;  
τίς κολάκων φήμη ψυχρὸν ἔσθηνε νέκυν ;

Ἐνθάδ' ὃς ἀμνήστω ποίης ὑπὸ χώματι κείται,  
κῆρ ποθι δαιμονίου μεστὸν ἔχεσκε πυρός,  
Οἷος ἔφν σκῆπτρον νωμῶν βασιληΐδος ἀρχῆς,  
ἢ θείην μανίαις πηκτίδ' ἐγειρέμεναι.

Ἄλλ' οὐ γάρ σφιν ὄρᾶν μεγάλην ποτὲ Μοῦσ' ἀνέλιξεν  
βίβλον, ἀπ' αἰώνων δρεψαμένη κορυφάς·  
Οἷς πενίης κρυμὸς γενναίην ἔσχεθεν ὀργήν,  
καὶ θαλερὴν ψυχῆς ἔνδον ἔπηξε ῥοήν.

Ἡ πολὺς ἀνεφέλω λίθος εὐαγέστατος αἴγλη  
ἄσκοπος ἐν βαθέσι σπέσσι κέκευθεν ἁλός,  
Πολλὰ δ' ἐρήμα πέφυκ' ἀοράτῳ λείρι' αἴωτῳ,  
ἡέρι δ' εὐώδη τέρψιν ἀφῆκε μόνῳ.

Λῆμα τάχ' ἂν ποτ' ἔχων τι Μεγάκλεος, ὅστις ἀταρβίης  
δριμύλον ἀσθενέων ἴσχε τύραννον ἀγρῶν,  
Ἀστέφανός τ' εἴη τις ἐπέων τ' ἀφθογγος Ὅμηρος,  
Ἴππαρχός τε φονῶν οὐκ ἔνοχος πατρίων.

Πειθομένων δ' ἀστῶν γνώμας μέγα ῥήμασι νικᾶν  
μελλούσας τ' ἀνίας ἥδ' ὀλεθρον παρορᾶν,  
Ἡ γῆς παντοδαποῖς καρποῖς ὅλον ἔθνος ἀέξειν  
μνημόσυνόν τε βροτοῖς δεικνύναι ἡνορεῶν,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,

Οὐκ εἶασε τύχη· κενδῶν δ' ἀποείργαθεν ὄρμην·  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ αἰσχίστων ἐῖρξε κακεργασιῶν,  
 Τοιαῦδε κωλύσασα· ταμεῖν τ' εἰς σκῆπτρα κέλειθον  
 αἵματι, καὶ θνητοὺς ἐξέλάσαι χάριτος·

Τῆς τε δίκης ἄτλητον ὄραν αἴκισμα σιωπῇ  
 πᾶν τ' ἐρύθημ' αἰδοῦς εὐγενέος κατέχειν,  
 Ἢ μισρῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀπέρανθ' ὑβρίσματα' ἀέξειν  
 ἐκ θυμέλης Μουσῶν θύμασιν οὐχ ὀσίοις.

Τῇλε βροτῶν ναίοντες ἀπειροκάλων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,  
 σώφρονες οὐκ ᾔσαν τοῦ πλεονός ποτ' ἐρᾶν.  
 Χλωραῖς δ' ἐν βήσσησιν ἀκίνδυνόν τε κατ' οἶμον  
 ἄψοφον ἐξετέλευν ἀτραπιτὸν βιοτῆς.

Τοῖσδε δ' ὅμως μήτις προσιῶν λύμῃσι ταραξήη,  
 ἀγχι περιστέλλον φλαῦρον ἕκαστα τέκμαρ,  
 Θρήνοι ἄμουσον ἔχον μοίρης τ' ἄξεστον ἄγαλμα  
 τὸν παριόντ' αἰτεῖ τῶνδ' ἑλεόν τιν' ἔχειν.

Τοῖνομα γὰρ καὶ ἀριθμὸν ἐτῶν, ἰδέ, μοῦσ' ἀδίδακτος  
 ἔγραφεν ἀντ' ἐλέγων τηλεφαιεὺς τε βοῆς,  
 Πολλὰ δ' ἄρ' ἀμφ' ἔβαλε γνωμῶν ἀπόλεκτα γεραιῶν,  
 ὥς γ' ἀγροιώταις τοῦ θανάτου μελέτην.

Τίς δὲ μεριμνοτόκον γλυκερὴν αἰῶνα προλείπων  
 λήθης ἐσσομένων κῶφον ἀμαυρὸν ἔλωρ,



Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,  
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.



Ἐὐφρονος ἡελίου τέμενος τόδε θαλπινὸν ἄμειψεν,  
οὐδ' ἔβαλ' ἐν κατιῶν βλέμμα ποθεινὸν ἄνω;

Ἔστι μὲν, ἔστιν αἰὲ κρατὺς φθινύθοντος ἔρεισμα  
καὶ φάος εὐπίστου στέρν' ἑλεός τε φίλου·  
Οὐδὲ γὰρ εἰν Ἀἰδεω τό γε σὺντροφον ἦθος ἀπέσβη,  
οὐδὲ κόνει προτέρου σπέρμ' ἀπόλωλε φάους.

Ἡ τάχα καὶ τις τοῦδ', ἀμενήνων ὅσπερ ἐτόλμων  
τῶνδ' ἀτέχνως ἀπλὴν ἄσαι ἀπραγμοσύνην,  
Ὑστερος οἰονόμοις παρόμοιος φροντίσιν ἄλλος  
ζητοῖ ἐπιχθονίου δαίμονος ἱστορίην.

Δή τοτ' ἐρεῖ πολίῃσιν ἀνὴρ αὐτουργὸς ἐθείραις,  
Πολλάκι τόν γ' ἡοῦς εἴδομεν ἀρχομένης,  
Σπενδομένοις σκιδάναντα δρόσον ποσὶν, ὥς ἂν ἀπαιτῇ  
χλωρὸν ἀνερχομένῳ γήλοφον ἡελίῳ.

Οὐ δ' αὖθ' ἡ χαρίεσσα κλάδοις ἐπικέκλιται ἀχρὰς  
γηραλήη, γναμπτὴν ῥίζαν ἀειραμένη,  
Ἡματος ἐκ μέσσοιο παρήορα κῶλ' ἂν ἔτεινε  
κείμενος ὥσθ' ὑδάτων πᾶν ὀάρισμα λαβεῖν.

Ἄλλοτε κεῖν' ἄλση παραλώμενος, ἦτοι ἐφ' ὕβρει  
μειδιάαν ἐδόκει φροντίσιν ἀσταθέσιν,  
Ἡτοι ἔμυζε τάλας, μεμαρασμένῳ ἀνδρὶ προσοικῶς,  
ὃν κῆρ ἢ χαρίτων χωρὶς ἔμηνεν ἔρως.

‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he !

‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :  
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

*The Epitaph.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heav’n did a recompence as largely send :  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;  
He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Ἦὼς δὴ τις ἐπῆλθ', ὅτ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔτι εἶδον ἐπ' ὄχθῳ,  
οὐδ' ὑπὸ κλωσὶ φίλοις, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι ἐν πεδίῳ·  
Αἰῖριον αἶτ' ἐπόθειν, οὐ γὰρ παρεφαίνετο ρεῖθρῳ,  
οὐ λειμῶν' ἀνιῶν, οὐ νέμος ἐκπερώων.

Τῷ δὲ τρίτῳ φέγγει βαρέως θρηγνύντες ὁμαρτῇ  
ἐξέφερόν σφ' ἔταροι τῇδ', ἱερὴν καθ' ὁδόν.  
Ἄλλ' ἐπιών, οὐ γὰρ σύ τις εἶρ ἀγράμματος, αἶψα  
ἄσσο' ὁ βάτοισ ἐμφυὲς γραπτὰ γέγωνε λίθος.

Τὸ ἐπικίδειον.

Ἐνθάδε μητρώφ χθῶν ἥδ' ἀνεδέξατο κόλπῳ  
κλήδονι νώνυμον κραῖτα, τύχης τ' ἄμορον.  
Γεινόμενοι δ' ἄρα μοῦσ' ἀγνώτᾳ περ ὄντ' ἐφίλησεν  
Οὐρανίη, δαίμων δ' οὐχ ἰλαρός σφ' ἔλαχεν.

Γενναίης μὲν δὴ χάριτος ψυχῆς τ' ἀκεραίου  
ἄξιον ἀθάνατοι μίσθον οἱ ἀντέδοσαν·  
Δάκρυον ἄλγος ἔχοντι διδούς, μοῦνον γὰρ ἔχεσκει,  
δωρηθεὶς φίλον αὖτ' εἶχ' ὅσ' ἐχρῆζε θεῶν.

Ξεῖνε, σὺ μὴ προτέρω σφ' ὅσ' ἔρεξεν κεδνὰ μετάλλα,  
μηδ' ἀνάφαιν' ἡθῶν εἴ τι χέρειον ἔχοι,  
Ἐλπίδι γὰρ φοβερῇ τάδε παυσέμνοισιν ἔθηκει  
ἀμφοτέρ' ἐν Πατρὸς μῆδεσιν Οὐρανίου.

## VI.

O MOTHER, hear me yet before I die.  
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,  
Lest their shrill, happy laughter come to me  
Walking the cold and starless road of Death  
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love  
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go  
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth  
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men.  
What this may be I know not, but I know  
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,  
All earth and air seem only burning fire.

VI.

ὦ μῆτερ, αὐδῆς τῆσδε λιοισθίας ἔτι  
 ἄκουσον· ὦ Γῆ, κλυθί μου θανουμένης.  
 οὐ δῆτ' ἔρημον τόνδ' ἐγὼ στέρξω μόρον,  
 μὴ λαμπρὸς αὐτῶν ἄβρα πασχόντων γέλως  
 εἰς ὧθ' ἵκηται, ψυχρὸν οὐδ' ὑπ' ἀστέρων  
 οἶμον πατούσῃ, τὸν πάρος δ' ἐρῶντά μου  
 ξένης λιπούσῃ σύζυγον συναόρου·  
 ἀλλ' ἐξαναστᾶσ' εἶμι πρὸς Τροίας πέδον  
 πρὶν ἄστρον ἀνίσχειν τούσδ' ἀσυνθέτους λόγους  
 πρὸς μαινόλιν λέξουσα Κασσάνδραν, ἐπεὶ  
 κείνη τέ φησι πῦρ αἰὲ παρ' ὄμμασιν  
 ἄσσειν, ἐν ὧσ' ὃν ἦχος αἰχμητῶν κλύειν·  
 κάγω, τί μὲν ταῦτ' ἐστίν, οὐκ ἐπίσταμαι,  
 ἐν δ' οἶδ'. ὅπῃ γὰρ νυκτὸς ἡμέρας τ' ἴω,  
 γῇ πᾶσ' ἔμοιγ' αἰθήρ τε φαίνεται φλέγων.

## VII.

I HAVE no way, and therefore want no eyes ;  
I stumbled when I saw : full oft 'tis seen,  
Our means secure us, and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abusèd father's wrath !  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I 'd say I had eyes again !

## VIII.

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined ?--O Isabel !

*Isab.* What says my brother ?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamèd life a hateful.



VII.

Τί δ' ὀμμάτων δεῖ ; τί γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ὁδοῦ μέλει ;  
 μᾶλλον δ' ὀρῶν ἔπταιον· ὥς τὸ χρήσιμον  
 δέος τι σῶφρον τοὺς ἔχοντας ἐξέλον  
 ἔσφηλε πολλούς· καὶ τό γ' ἐνδεὲς βροτοῖς  
 δαίμων μάλιστ' εἴωθε πρὸς κέρδος τρέπειν.  
 παῖ, σπέρμ' ἐμοὶ ποθεινόν, ὃν πατὴρ κέαρ  
 πλαστοῖσι κλεπτὸν αἰτιάμασιν κλονεῖ,  
 εἰ γάρ σ' ἔτι ζῶν χερσὶ δεξαίμην θιγών,  
 φαίην ἂν ἀδῆις αὖ δεδορκεῖναι, τέκνον.

VIII.

Μενοικεὺς—Ἀντιγόνη.

Μεν. Εἰ γὰρ τάδ' ὤφλεν ἐκ θεῶν ποινὰς, τί δὴ  
 οὗτος βαθειῶν ἐγκρατὴς φρονημάτων  
 ὦδ' ἂν βραχείας χαρμονῆς ἀντίσταθμον  
 αἰωνίαν ἐδέξατ' ἐκτίνειν δίκην ;  
 οὐκ ἔστιν· εἴτα δ', ὦ κασιγνήτη,—

Ἀντ. τί φης ;

Μεν. ἄρ' οὐ τι δεινὸν χρῆμα τοῦ θνήσκειν ἔφυ ;

Ἀντ. τὸ ζῆν δέ γ' ἐχθρὸν, ἦν τὸ μὴ καλὸν προσῆ.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
This sensible, warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbèd ice ;  
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling ?—'Tis too horrible !  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

Μεν. τὸ δ' αὖ θανεῖν τε, καὶ πρὸς ἄσκοπον πλάκα  
 ἄδου βεβηκότ' ἐν κόνει βεβυσμένον  
 ψυχρᾷ προκείσθαι σῶμα δειλαίας σποδοῦ,  
 τὸ νῦν δὲ θάλλον ἐν φάει κώλων σθένος  
 ὑγρὰν γενέσθαι βῶλον, ἥ δ' εὐφραίνομαι  
 ψυχῇ, βαθείας εἰς πυρὸς πλημμυρίδας  
 ταύτην πεσοῦσαν, εἴτα διατόροις μέσσην  
 κρυσταλλοπήκτοις ἐν φάραγγιν ἐμμένειν·  
 αὖθις δ' ἀφάντοις ἐν πνοαῖς κεκλεισμένον  
 πόνοις ἀτρύτοις γῆς περὶξ ἐν αἰθέρι  
 μετάρσιον κίνυγμ' ἐλίσσεσθαι βίᾳ·  
 ἢ τῶν ἔνερθ' ἄρρητα πασχόντων κακά,  
 —ὧν ἄνδρες ἤδη τλημονεστέρας φρενός  
 ἄσημ' ἔδοξαν πικρὰ θρηγούντων κλύειν—  
 τούτων παθεῖν ὁμοῖα καὶ περαιτέρω,  
 ἂρ' ἔστι δεινόν; ἂρα πλεῖστον ἐνθάδε  
 ἄλγος πόνος τε, χῶπόσ' ἄστεργῇ φέρει  
 γῆράς τε καὶ νόσημα καὶ σπάνις βίου,  
 ἡμάρ τε δοῦλον, πάντ' ἐν ἡδονῆς μέρει  
 πρὸς τοῦτο τάρβος ἄξι' ἡγεῖσθαι βροτοῖς;

## IX.

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umbered face :  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

ΙΧ.

Χο. Ἐνταῦθα δὴ γένεσθε ταῖς γνώμας, ἵνα  
 μελαμβαθῆς σκότος τε κἀφέρπων ψόφος  
 ἄφραστον ἐμπιπλᾷσιν οὐρανοῦ κύτος.  
 στρατειμάτοις γὰρ, Νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πτυχαῖς,  
 ἤχη παρ' ἀμφοῖν ἄκριτός τις ὄρνυται  
 σιγῇ πρέπουσά θ', ὥς σχέδον συνθήματα  
 φρουρὰς κρυφαῖα τῶν ἐναντίων μαθεῖν.  
 καὶ μὴν πυρωπὸν μυρίων φρυκτῶν ὕπο  
 ἀμυδρῶς στρατοῦ πρόσοψιν αἰγάζει στρατός·  
 πῶλψ δ' ἀπειλῶν ὀρθίοις φρνάγμασιν  
 πῶλος βραδεῖαν ἐξέπληξεν Εὐφρόνην.  
 σκηνῶν ἔσωθεν δ' ἄνδρες οὐκ ἄργοι τανῦν  
 χαλκεῖς καταρτύνοντες ἱππότην λεών,  
 σφίγγοντες ἄρμῶν πασσάλους πολυκρότοις  
 σφύραισιν, ἐξάρχουσι φροῖμιον δορός.  
 αἱ δ' αὖ κατ' ἀγροὺς πρὸς βοὴν ἀλεκτόρων  
 κώδωνες ἀντίφωνον ἠχοῦσαι κτύπον  
 εὐδουσαν ἐξαυδῶσ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις ἔω.

## X.

*Fer.* This is most strange : your father's in some  
passion

That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

*Prosp.* You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismayed : be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.



X.

- A. Ἄρ', ὦ φίλῃ, θαυμαστὸν, ὥς πάλαι πατὴρ  
λυπρῶς ἄδηλον δὴ τι καλχαίνει στύγος ;
- B. οὗτοι πάρος νιν εἶδον ὦδ' ὀργῇ βαρύν.
- Γ. ἀδημονεῖς μὲν, ὥς ἔοικας, ὦ ξέने,  
καὶ που θέα σ' ἔθραξεν· ἀλλὰ μοι, τέκνον,  
θαρσει· τόδ' ἡμῖν παιγνιῶν ἤκει τέλος.  
οἱ δ', ὥς προείπον, δραμάτων ὑπηρέται  
ἐμῶν, ἔχοντες ἄσκοπον θείαν φύσιν,  
ἐς πνεῦμα κοῦφον ἠφανίσθησαν πάλιν.  
καὶ μὴν ὁμοῖα τοῦδε φάσματος χλιδῇ,  
δόξαν μάτην τεύχοντος, ἀστρογείτονες  
πύργοι τε πάγχρυσοί τε κοιράνων δόμοι,  
καὶ σεμνὰ θεῶν ἰδρύματ' ἄσπετός τε γῇ  
αὐτοῖσι τοῖς νέμουσιν ἐκτριβήσεται,  
καὶ τοῖσδ' ἀμαυροῖς ἐμφερῇ θεάμασιν  
ἅπαξ μαρανθέντ' οὐδ' ἔχνος τί που φανεῖ.  
ἰὼ βρότεια πράγμαθ', ὥς ὀνειράτων  
ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι τὸν βραχὺν βίον  
τελοῦντες, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κοίτης ἀπο  
σμικρὸν χρόνον βλέψαντες, αὖ κοιμώμεθα.

## XI.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,

Thou needest not fear mine ;

My spirit is too deeply laden

Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,

Thou needest not fear mine ;

Innocent is the heart's devotion

With which I worship thine.

## XII.

ONE word is too often profaned

For me to profane it,

One feeling too falsely disdained

For thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair

For prudence to smother,

And pity from thee more dear

Than that from another.

XI.

Μὴ τάρβει τὰ φιλήματ', ἐπήρατος· ἡ μὲν ἔμοιγε  
 ἔπρεπε καὶ μᾶλλον τῶνδ' ἄρα ταρβουσύνῃ.  
 Σὺς γὰρ δεινὸς ἔρως κεκακωμένῳ· οὔτ' ὑπέστην  
 ἄλγεα,—μὴ δείσης—οὐ πόθος ἦν τις ἐμοῦ.  
 Οὔτ'ι σ' ἂν ἀλγύναιμι μεθύστερον ἐν φρεσί, κούρη.  
 θάρσσο μήν· ἀσινὴς οὗτος ἄπλαστος ἔρως.  
 Σοὶ μὲν ἔτι ψυχὴ μάλ' ἐλευθέρα· αὐταρ ἐμὸν κῆρ  
 ὄμμα τὸ σὺν, φωνή, σχῆμα ῥέθος τε φοβεῖ.

XII.

Ἔστιν ἔπος τι βροτοῖς θάμα τεθρυλημένον ἄλλως·  
 εὐφημοῖμ' ἂν ἐγὼ τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀζόμενος.  
 Ἔστι πάθος πολλαῖσι τρυφῇ κεκρυμμένον αἰσχρῶς.  
 ἀλλὰ σύ γ' οὐ κρύψεις· ἔσσι γὰρ οὐ τρυφερά.  
 Κείνην δ' οὐ πικιναῖς ἀφανίζομεν ἐλπίδα βουλαῖς  
 ἢ τις ἀνελπίστοις πράγμασιν ἐντρέφεται.  
 Οὔδ' ἔλεον φεύγοιμ' ἂν· ἐπεὶ καὶ κείνος ἔμοιγε  
 ἐκ σέθεν ἡδίῳ ἢ τινος ἕξ ἐτέρου.

I can give not what men call love,  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above  
And the Heavens reject not :  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

## XIII.

CONCEIT, begotten by the eyes,  
Is quickly born and quickly dies ;  
For while it seeks our hearts to have,  
Meanwhile, there reason makes his grave ;  
For many things the eyes approve,  
Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds in spring-time sown  
Die in the ground ere they be grown,  
Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,  
As child that in the cradle quails ;

Οὐχ ὃ γε κικλήσκουσιν ἔρωτ'· ἐπέδησε δ' ἀνάγκη.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺν δέξαι' ἂν δῶρ' ἃ γ' ἔνεστιν ἔτι,  
 Εἴσπετόν τι σέβασμ', οἷον στέργουσι θεοί περ,  
 ψυχῆς ἐξ ἀγαθῆς ὑψόσ' ἀειρόμενον,  
 Τοῖον ἔρωθ' οἷόν τιν' ἐρασθείς· αἰθέρος ἔσχε  
 μυῖα, καὶ ἡμερινῆς Νύξ ἀγανοφροσύνης·  
 Ὡς αἰεὶ πόθον ἴσχει ἀνὴρ κεκακωμένος ἄτη  
 τῶν, ὅσα τῆς αὐτοῦ πλείστον ἄπεστι δύης.

XIII.

Ἰμερος, ὀφθαλμῶν ἐκφύς παραχρῆμα τεκόντων,  
 αἰψα καὶ ἐκθνήσκει χρῶτα μαραινόμενος.  
 εὔτε γὰρ ἐς θερμὴν φρέν' ἀνέδραμεν, αὐτίκα νοῦς οἱ  
 φροντίδ' ὑποστήσας τύμβον ἐτοιμάσατο.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐν ὄμμασι πιστὸς ἔρως, ἐπεὶ ὤλεσεν ἀκμήν  
 στέργηθρον φρενόθεν μὴ παρόμοιον ἔχων.  
 σπέρμα γὰρ ὥς ὥρησιν ἐν εἰαρινῇσι φυτευθὲν  
 ἐν χθονὶ πρὶν βλαστεῖν ὄλλυται ὠκύμορον,  
 τοῖον ἔφυ ρίζωμα τόδ' ἡμέρου, ὅς τ' ἀπόλωλεν  
 οἷα τέκος φθινύθει σπάργανα δυσόμενον,

Or else within the mother's womb  
Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,  
And soon is shaken from her heels ;  
For, following beauty or estate,  
Her liking still is turned to hate ;  
For all affections have their change,  
And fancy only loves to range.

Desire himself runs out of breath,  
And, getting, doth but gain his death :  
Desire nor reason hath nor rest,  
And, blind, doth seldom choose the best :  
Desire attained is not desire,  
But as the cinders of the fire.

As ships in ports desired are drowned,  
As fruit, once ripe, then falls to ground,  
As flies that seek for flames are brought  
To cinders by the flames they sought ;  
So fond desire when it attains,  
The life expires, the woe remains.



ἦ καὶ ἄφαρ παρὰ μητρὶ βαθυζώνων ὑπὸ κόλπων  
ἀρχὴν τε ζωῆς καὶ τάφον ἔσχεν ὁμοῦ.

ᾧ καὶ Τύχης κύκλοις ἔπεται πόθος, ᾧ καὶ δ' ἀπορρεῖ  
κλινθέντων ὀχέων λὰξ ἀποκρουόμενος·

ὥστε γὰρ ἦ μορφὴν ἦτοι κράτος αἰπὺ διώκων,  
εὐθὺς ἅπερ στέργει καὶ στυγέων ἐφάνη.

εἶδος δ' αἰολόμορφον ἔχει πᾶσιν τὸ ποθεινόν·  
ἐλπίδα δ' ἀλλάσσειν ἤρεσε μοῦνον αἰεί.

ὀρμαίνων γὰρ ὁ θυμὸς ὑπ' ἄσθματος ἔσβασεν ὀρμὴν  
καὶ θανάτου κύρει τοῦ σκοποῦ ἀπτόμενος·

οὕτω νοῦ κενός ἔστι καὶ ἀσταθέ' ἔργα διώκει,  
οὐδὲ τὸ κάλλιστον πολλάκις αἰρέεται

τυφλὸς ἐὼν· οὐδ' ἔστι γ' ἔρως, ἐπεὶ ἐξ ἔρον εἶτο,  
πυρκαϊῆς δ' ὥσπερ φέψαλος ἀρτιθανής.

ναῦς λιμέν' ἐσπλεύσασα θιγοῦσ' ἀκτῆς ἀφανίσθη·  
πεύρατ' ἔχονθ' ὥρης ἐς χθόνα μῆλ' ἔπεσεν·

μυῖαι ἐρευνῶσαι φλόγα κάλλιμον ἀνάνθησαν  
ἦπερ ἐρευνῶσιν λαμπάδι καρφόμεναι.

ὥς πόθος εἰ τὰ μάλιστα τύχοι τῶν πλείστ' ἐπιθυμεῖ.  
θνήσκει μὲν τέρψις, πῆμα δ' ὀπισθε μένει.

## XIV.

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;  
The cry is still, ' They come ' : our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up :  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise ?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.      [*Exit.*

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears :  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't : I have supped full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

(*Re-enter SEYTON.*)

Wherefore was that cry ?

*Sey.* The Queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

XIV.

M. Σημεῖον ἔξω πολέμιον τις ἀράτω  
 πύργων· ἐπιρρεῖ δ' ὄχλος, ὡς θροεῖ φάτις.  
 εἶεν· γελᾷ γὰρ μηχανὰς πορθητόρων  
 τείχισμα τοῦμόν· ἐνθάδ' οὖν προκείμενοι  
 λιμῷ φθινόντων καὶ νόσοις ὑπαίθριοι.  
 αὐτοὶ δ' αἶν, εἰ μὴ δύναμις ἐξ ἡμῶν παρῆν  
 τούτοις ἐπακτὸς, ἀντίοις παλαίσμασιν  
 ἐνθένδ' ἀφορμήσαντες οὐ διχορρόπως  
 θαρσύνοντες ἂν πρὸς οἶκον ὥσαιμεν πάλιν.  
 ἔα· τίς ἤχῃ;

Xo. θρῆνος, εὖσημός γ', ἄναξ.

M. ἄδην ἔγωγε δειμάτων ἐγευσάμην,  
 ὥστ' ἐκλαθέσθαι· πρὶν δ' ἂν ἐρρίγουν κλύων  
 νύκτωρ πικρὸν κωκυτόν, ἐν λόγοις δ' ἄχος  
 ἠρέθισε χαίτην, ὥσπερ εἰ ζώῃν γ' ἔχοι.  
 νῦν αὖ τὸ δεινὸν αἱμάτων πλήθουσα φρὴν  
 ἔγνωκεν, οὐδ' ἔφριξε·—τί δὲ θέλει γόος;

Ἀγγ. τέθνηκεν, θῆναξ, βασιλὶς ἐν δόμοις γυνή.

M. κρείσσων μὲν ἦλθεν ἢ δ' ἂν εἰσαῦθις τύχη,  
 ὅμως δ' ἂν ἦλθεν.—ὦ βραδεῖς στιβοὶ χρόνοι,  
 ὡς βαί' ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἡμέρα ῥέουσ' αἰεὶ,  
 ἢ γ' αὔριον, πρόεισιν, οὐδὲ παύσεται  
 ἕως παρέλθῃ πύματον ἀνθρώπων ἔχνος.

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*(Enter a Messenger.)*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

XV.

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
, To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.  
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—

αἰ δ' ὡς χθὲς ἡμῖν αἰὲν ἡριθμημέναι  
 δειλοῖς ἔφηναν τέρμ' ἀναύγητον μόρον.  
 ἔρρ' ἐξιτηλόν, φῶς ἐν ἐυφρόνῃ βραχύ·  
 οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄλλο γ' ἢ τις ἄστατος σκιὰ  
 πέφυκεν ὁ βίος, ἢ τις ἐν σκηνῇ λυγρός,  
 ὅστις πρὸς ὥραν βῆμά τ' ὠγκωσεν μακρὸν  
 θυμόν τ' ἐπῆρεν· εἴτ' ἄπυστος οἴχεται.  
 ἢ μῦθος ἂν πρέψειέ γ', ὃν νοῦ τις κενὸς  
 σεμνῶς προφωνεῖ, θροῦ τε καὶ κόμπων πλέων,  
 ὥτων τε θαῦμα·—νοῦς δ' ἄρ' ἦν οὐδεὶς ἔσω.  
 σὺ δ' ὡς τι φαίνει σημανῶν· πέραινε δῆ.

XV.

Τυραννικὸν τόδ' ἔργον εἴργασται φόνον,  
 ἄλλως μὲν οὖν ἔχθιστον, οὐς δ' ἀπέθρισεν,  
 οἴκτιστ' ἐλεινῶν ὧν ξύνοιδεν ἥδε γῆ.  
 οἱ γὰρ πανοῦργοι καὶ μιαῖφονοι κύνες  
 οὐς δὴ 'πὶ τήνδ' ἔστειλα δυσσεβῇ χάριν,  
 καὶ κάρτ' ἐλεινῶς, θάνατον αὐδῶντες τέκνων,  
 δάκρυσιν ἔφυρον πάντα καὶ γόοις λόγον.  
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἤρχεθ', ἄτερος δ' ὑφήρπασεν  
 λέγων, ἔκειντο δ' ὧδ' ἄρ' οἱ νεοτρεφεῖς

‘Thus, thus,’ quoth Forrest, ‘girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms :  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss’d each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;  
Which once,’ quoth Forrest, ‘almost changed my  
mind ;  
But, O, the devil,’—there the villain stopp’d ;  
When Dighton thus told on,—‘ we smotherèd  
The most replenishèd sweet work of Nature,  
That from the prime creation e’er she framed.’  
Hence both are gone : with conscience and remorse  
They could not speak, and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.



ἄβροϊ νεοσσοὶ, πῆχυν ἀλλήλων πέριξ  
 χέαντε λευκὸν, ἄσεβες οὐδὲν εἰδότε.  
 καὶ μὴν τὰ χεῖλη, τέσσαρ' ἐκ δυοῖν ὁμοῦ  
 πεφυκόθ' ὥσπερ ἐξ ἑνὸς κλωνὸς ῥοδά,  
 θερινὴ ξυνῆγεν ὥς τις ἐξ ἀμφοῖν πνοή.  
 ἦν δ' οὖν ἐκεῖ τις πλήσιον παρηΐδων  
 βίβλος προσευχῶν, ἣ σχεδόν τί μοι τέως  
 γνώμην ἔτρεψεν· ἀλλ' ἀραῖος ἄρ' ἐγώ.  
 εἰπὼν ἔληξε ταῦθ', ὁ δ' ἤνυσεν λόγον·  
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ πνίγοντες ἐξαπόλλυμεν  
 ἡδιστα Φύσεως ἔργα, παγκοίνου θεᾶς,  
 χαρίτων τε δὴ πληρέσταθ', ὧν ἔφυσέ πω.  
 καὶ δὴ βεβᾶσ' ἐντεῦθεν· ἐκ δ' ἀμφοῖν ἄρα  
 τὸν πλείον' ἐξαφείλετ' αἰσχυρὴν λόγον.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀφείς νιν κοιράνῳ πορεύομαι  
 τοιόνδε πρᾶγος τῷ μαιφόνῳ φέρων.

## XVI.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—  
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause :—there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
'Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make

XVI.

Ἄμβλητος μόνος.

Τίς οἶδε πότερα κρείσσον ἔστι κατθανεῖν  
 ἢ ζῆν; τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἀνδρικῆς ψυχῆς μέρος  
 τλῆναι πέφυκε λαβρὰ δαιμόνων βέλη.  
 τὸ δ' αὖ τίς οὐχ ἔλοιτ' ἄν, ἀνταῖον κακῶν  
 κλύδων' ἔνοπλος εἰσθορῶν ὑπερτελεῖν;  
 τί γὰρ τὸ θνήσκειν πλὴν ὕπνος; τὸ δ' αἶθ' ὕπνω  
 ἄλγη περᾶναι καρδίας, τὰ πολλά τε  
 ὄσων βροτεία σὰρξ ἐκληρώθη λαχεῖν  
 φύσεως ἐναντιώματ'· ἦ τόδ' ἦν γέρας  
 ζηλωτὸν, οὐχὶ φευκτόν.—ἄρ' ὕπνος μόνον  
 χωρίς τ' ὀνείρων; τοῦτο μὲν ἐνθύμιον.  
 εἰ γὰρ παρ' Αἴδη τοῖς βροτοῖς κοιμωμένοις,  
 ὄχλημ' ἅπαξ ἐκδῶσι μυρίον βίον,  
 πέφην' ὀνείρατ', ἔστι δὲ δεινὸν τόδε.  
 καὶ τοῦδε τάρβους οὐνεχ' οἱ δυσδαίμονες  
 μακρὸν χρόνον βιοῦσιν· εἰ δὲ μή, τίς ἄν  
 φέροι διπλὴν μάστιγα συντρόφων ὕβρεως,  
 αἰκίσματ' ἀδίκων, ἀνδρὸς αὐθάδους τρυφῆν,  
 ἀρχῶν τε τραχυτήτα καὶ λακτίσματα  
 χρηστοῦ κακῶς πάσχοντος ἐξ ἀναξίων,  
 ὅτ' αὐτὸς αὐτῷ πᾶσαν ἄλγησιν τελεῖν

With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now !  
'The fair Ophelia !—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

ἀκίδι μιᾷ δύναιτο ; τίς δ' ἄχθη φορῶν  
 βούλοιο μόχθοις αἰὲν ἰδίων στένειν,  
 εἰ μὴ δέος τι τῶν περαιτέρω μόρου  
 παθῶν τε καὶ τῶν οὐδέπω γνωστῶν πλακῶν,  
 ὅθενπερ οὐτις ἐμπόρων ἀνέρχεται,  
 ψυχὴν διφρόντιδ' εἶχεν, ὥστε μάλλον ἂν  
 τά γ' ὄντ' ἐνεγκεῖν ἢ 'πὶ τᾷγνωστον δραμεῖν.  
 ὦδ' ἂ ξύνισμεν πᾶσι δειλίαν φέρει.  
 χούτῳ τὸ γέννης λῆμα συγγενὲς βροτῷ  
 λειχῇνι δεινῷ φροντίδων ὠχραίνεται,  
 ὥστ' ἔς γε τόλμας ἀξίας ὠρμημένους  
 ἀπορρυῆναι κακβαλεῖν τὸ δρώμενον.  
 ἔα· τίς ἔγγυς ; τήνδ' Ὀνησίμην βλέπω.  
 εἰ γάρ τι κάμου μνηστὶν ἐν λιταῖς ἔχοι.

## XVII.

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons :  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*First Amb.* Then, thus, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, Edward the Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savour too much of your youth ;  
And bids you be advised, there 's naught in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;—  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure ; and in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with  
us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :



XVIII.

Μενεσθεύς—Κήρυξ—Φήμιος.

- Μεν. οὐ πρὸς τυράννοις ἀλλ' ἸΑθηναίοις ἐρεῖς  
 ἄρχοντας, οἷς γ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐπειθὴς φρεσίν,  
 ἡμῖν γ' ὅπως τις δμῶς ἐν ἐργαστηρίοις.  
 μὴ ποικίλως οὖν ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρως φράσον.
- Κήρ. καὶ μὴν βραχὺν σοι μῦθον ἐξερω· σὺ γάρ.  
 ὦναξ, ἀπῆγεις ἀρτίως δι' ἀγγέλων  
 ἄνακτα τὸν ἐμὸν ἸΑπίας γαίης μέρος,  
 αὐχῶν πατρῶον τόνδε σοι κλῆρον τυχεῖν.  
 πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνος ἐν μέρει λῖαν σ' ἔτι  
 φάσκει νεάζονθ' ὧδ' ἐπαιτεῖσθαι τάδε.  
 ἸΑργος δ' ἂν εὐρεῖν φησί σ' οὔτ' ὀρχουμένοις  
 οὔτ' οὖν παρ' οἴνῳ ξυμπόταις κληρωτέον.  
 καὶ σοι προπέμπει, προσφερεστέραν μακρῶ  
 φύσει τε τῇ σῇ καὶ τρόποις, τεύχος τόδε,  
 ἐπάξιον θησαυρόν· οὗ λαχόντα σε  
 ἄναξ ἄνωγεν οὓς θροεῖς ἀγρούς ἔαν.
- Μεν. σὺ δ' εἴφ', ὁ μάρψας ταῦτ', ἐμὸς δὲ συγγεινός,  
 θησαυρὸς ὅστις ἦν.
- Φήμ. ὅδε σφαιρῶν γ' ὄχλος.
- Μεν. ἸΑδὺς μὲν ἡμῖν ταῦτα Τημέου γόνος  
 ἔπεμψε· σοὶ τάρ' οἶδα κάκεινῳ χάριν.

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valued this poor seat of England ;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous licence ; as 'tis ever common,  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state,  
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :  
For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days ;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul

σφαίραις σπάθην δὲ ταῖσδ' ἐπαρτύσας ἐγὼ  
 σφαίρισμ' ἐκέῳ' ἂν σὺν θεῷ παίξοιμ', ὅπερ  
 κείνου πατρῶον κύκλον εἰς ἔρκος βαλεῖ.  
 τοιῷδε γάρ τοι τῇσδε παιδιᾶς ἔριν  
 ἀντιστατῇ ξυνῆψεν, ὥστ' αὐλὰς τ' ἐκέῳ  
 χώραν θ' ἅπασαν, ὡς δρόμον σφαιριστικόν.  
 κτυπεῖν κροτητοῖς Ἀπίαν δραμήμασιν.  
 ἃ δ' οὖν ἔλεξε τῶν ἐμῶν ψαύσας τρόπων  
 τῶν πρόσθε, μανθάνω μέν· οὐ μέντοι τορῶς  
 ἔκυρσεν, εἰς δ' τῇδ' ἐχρησάμην βίῳ.  
 καὶ γὰρ παρ' οὐδὲν τήνδε γῆν ἡγούμενοι  
 βραχεῖαν, ἐκδημοῦντες ἡμερεύομεν  
 φλαυρῶς, γελῶντες, ὡς ἀνειμένοι φυγῇ.  
 ὅταν δὲ τὰπέκεινα προσλαβὼν ἐμὰ  
 θακῶν τινάσσω σκῆπτρ' ἐπ' Ἀργείοις θρόνοις.  
 δείξω τύραννον σχῆμα καὶ λαῖφος μέγα  
 ἀρῶ· τοιαῦτ' ἀγγεῖλον· ὡς ἐφ' ἡμέρας  
 πολλὰς γ', ὅπως τις ἔργον οὐ σεμνὸν τελῶν.  
 ἐσθήματ' εἶχον εὐτελῇ. κείνοις δ' ἐγὼ  
 λάμπω τοσαύτῃ κείσ' ἐπαντείλας χλιδῇ,  
 ὡς πᾶσιν ἀστοῖς ἐξαμαυρῶσαι κόρας,  
 ἄνακτα δ' αὐτὸν εἰσορῶντ' ἐξομματοῦν.  
 λέξον δὲ καὶ ταῦθ', ὡς ἄρ' ἡδέως πάνυ  
 σκώψας τὰδ' ἐξήλλαξε τῶν σφαιρῶν φύσιν  
 χαλκῇν τιν' ἀντὶ σκυτίνης μορφῇν σχεθεῖν.

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand  
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,  
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.  
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

ὅθεν βαρείας αὐτὸς ἀνταλλάσσεται  
 λύπας, ὀλέθρου ταῖσδ' ὁμοῦ πωτωμένου,  
 εἰ τοῦτο δὴ τὸ σκῶμμα μυρίας φανεῖ  
 χήρας γυναῖκας, ἄνδρας ἐκγελῶν βίου.  
 παῖδας δὲ συλᾷ μητέρων γέλως ὅδε  
 πύργους τ' ἐρείπει· κἂν ἀγεννήτοις ἔτι  
 γένοιτ' ἀραῖος σκῶμμα τοῦτ' ἐξυβρίσας.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔσται ταῦτα μὴ θεοῦ μέτα,  
 θεοὺς καλοῦμαι μαρτυρεῖν ὁθούνεκα  
 ἱροὺς ἀγῶνας τούσδε γ' εὖσεβής τ' ἐγώ  
 ἀγωνιῶμαι, τοῦμὸν οὐκ ἄγαν μέρος  
 τιμῶν, δικαίοις δ' ὅσια τιμωρούμενος.  
 χωρῶν σὺ μὲν νυν χαῖρε· καῖκείνῃ φράσων  
 οὐ μυρίας οἱ σκῶμμα περινοίας γέμον  
 πλείους στένοντας ἢ γελῶντας ἐκτελεῖν.  
 κομίζετ' αὐτοὺς ἀσφαλῶς, ὁπάονες.  
 ὑμεῖς δ' ὁμοίως χαίρεθ' οἱ ξυνέμποροι.

## XVIII.

FIEND, I defy thee ! with a calm, fixed mind,  
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do ;  
Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Human kind,  
One only being shalt thou not subdue.  
Rain then thy plagues upon me here,  
Ghastly disease, and frenzying fear ;  
And let alternate frost and fire  
Eat into me, and be thine ire  
Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned forms  
Of furies driving by upon the wounding storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art omnipotent.  
O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power  
And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent  
To blast mankind, from yon ethereal tower.  
Let thy malignant spirit move  
In darkness over those I love :  
On me and mine I imprecate  
The utmost torture of thy hate ;  
And thus devote to sleepless agony  
This undeclining head, while thou must reign on high.



XVIII.

Προμηθέως Ἀρά.

στρ. α'. Ἐχθιστε θεῶν, κέλομαι σ' ἔκαλος αὐχῶν  
 πάντα συντείνειν ἐρεθίσματα λώβας·  
 θεῶν δὲ καὶ θνατῶν ἀνόμοις νόμοις κρατύνοντ'  
 ἔτ' ἔστιν ὅς σ' ἀλύξεται.  
 πρὸς τὰδ' ἐνδατούμενος  
 λοιμόν τε τρομερά τ' ἄχρα, πυρί τε καὶ πάγοις  
 διάσπα μ', ἐν δὲ κῆρας ὀργᾶς  
 καὶ ζάλην κεραυνίαν  
 ἴαπτε σὺν φρεναλγέσιν θνέλλαις.

ἀντ. α'. ἔρδ' οἷα θέλεις· δύνασαι δ' ἅπαντα μοῦνος·  
 πᾶν σ' ἐγὼ κραίνοντ' ἀκρατῶς ἀπέφανα  
 τοῦδε χωρὶς νοῦ· σὰ δ' ἀπ' αἰθερίων γε πύργων  
 βροτούς τε περθέτω βέλη  
 τοὺς ἐμοί τε φιλτάτους  
 ἄλγιστον ὄλοον ἔρεβος ἔριδος ἐκ σέθεν  
 κυκάτω, καὶ μ' ἄπαυστον ἄλγος,  
 σοῦ γ' ἄνωθεν ἡμένον,  
 ταραττέτω δύαισιν ὦδ' ἄϋπνον.

But thou, who art the God and Lord : O, thou  
Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,  
To whom all things of Earth and Heaven do bow  
In fear and worship : all-prevailing foe !  
I curse thee ! let a sufferer's curse  
Clasp thee his torturer, like remorse !  
Till thine Infinity shall be  
A robe of envenomed agony ;  
And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,  
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,  
Ill deeds, then be thou damned, beholding  
good ;  
Both infinite as is the universe,  
And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude.  
An awful image of calm power  
Though now thou sittest, let the hour  
Come, when thou must appear to be  
That which thou art internally.  
And after many a false and fruitless crime,  
Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless space  
and time.

στρ. β'. θεοῖς πάντα νέμων, ὃς ἄτας  
 γένεθλα βροτῶν ἐπλήσω,  
 σὸν λῆμα τρέμουνσαι γενεαί τε θνατῶν  
 οὐράνιον θ' ἄζεται  
 φύλον· ἐγὼ δ' οἶος ἀραῖς ἐλαύνω.  
 βαρέως βαρύν σε  
 τισάμενον τινόίμαν.  
 ὀδύναις δὲ συγκέκραται  
 σᾶς ἀγλαίας χιτῶν,  
 πυρί τ' ἄφερτον ἔξεις  
 κύκλωμ' ὃ φορεῖς τακομένῳ κρατὶ χρυσοῦ.

ἀντ. β'. κακῶν πλήθος ἀραῖος ἵσχοις  
 περανάμενος κακουργῶς,  
 παμπληθὲς ὀρῶν ἐσθλὸν ἄελπτος αὐτός.  
 νῦν μὲν ἔκαλος δοκεῖς,  
 σεμνά τ' ἐφέξει ζυγὰ πᾶν κρατύνων·  
 τότε δ' ἐξ ἀνάγκας  
 οἶος ἔφυς φανήσῃ,  
 φοβερῷ δὲ σὺν γέλῳτι  
 πάμπολλα περανάμενον  
 φρενὶ κακᾷ ματαίως  
 δαίμων σε κλονήσῃ χρόνιον πτῶμ' ἐσαιεῖ.

## XIX.

*Cit.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reasons shall be renderèd  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.*                      I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*  
*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my  
cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me  
for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour,  
that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ;  
and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.  
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was  
no less than his. If then that friend demand why

XIX.

Χορὸς ἀστῶν—Βροῦτος—Ἀντώνιος.

Χο. Οὐκ ἄρα μὴ φειξείσθ' ἐξ αἰτίας εἰ μὴ  
δίκην ἐκφανείθ' ὥς κἀπαρκέσαι.

Βρ. ἔποισθ' ἄν, ἀστοί· κἀκοὺς παρέσθε μοι.  
Κάσσιε, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν εἰς τόπον κείνον μολών,  
ὄχλον διάσπα. κέῖσε βᾶτ', εἴ τις θέλει  
Γαίου ἑπακούειν· εἰ δ' ἐμοὺς λόγους κλύειν,  
αὐτοῦ μένοιτ' ἄν· οὐ γὰρ ἄλλ' ἀμφοῖν ὁμῶς  
λόγος παρέσται, Καῖσαρ οὗ κέῖται χάριν.

ἡμιχ. α'. ἐμοὶ μὲν ἀρκεῖ τοῦ παρεστῶτος κλύειν.

ἡμιχ. β'. κείνου δ' ἔμοιγε. κᾶτα συμβαλώμεθα  
γνώμας, ἐπειδὰν καὶ δυοῖν δεξώμεθα.

ἡμιχ. α'. παρήλθ' ὁ Βροῦτος· ἀλλὰ σιγῶμεν, φίλοι.

Βρ. θορυβεῖτε μηδὲν, ὥς περαίνεται λόγος.  
ἀνδρῶν πολιτῶν εὐφιλῆς ὁμιλία,  
εὐφημία μὲν ἐνδικωτάτους λόγους  
ἀκούσατ'. αἰδοῦς δ' ἕνεκα τῆς ἐμῆς ἐμὲ  
αἰδεῖσθε. πάσας δ' ἐξεγείραντες φρένας  
ἐλέγχετ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε πανσόφως δίκην.  
εἰ γὰρ τις οὖν πάρεστι Καῖσαρος φίλος,  
φήμ' αὐτός οἱ τὸν αὐτὸν ἐξ ἴσου ποθεῖν.  
ἦν δ' αὖτ' ἐρωτᾷ, πῶς ἄρ' ἐπανέστην ἐγώ  
Καῖσαρι, τόδ' εἰπὼν ἀρκέσω· μᾶλλον φιλῶν

Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

(*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.*  
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ;



Ῥώμην, ἐκείνῳ δ' οὐδαμῶς μᾶλλον φθονῶν.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη κείνος, ἥδ' ἂν ἦν πόλις  
 δούλη· θανόντος δ', ἐστὶ πᾶσ' ἐλευθέρα.  
 πότρεα δ' ἔλοισθ' ἂν ; ὥς γὰρ ἦν ἐμοὶ φίλος  
 Καῖσαρ, δακρύω· καπὶ ταῖς εὐπραγίαις  
 ἔχαιρον, ἐσθλὸν δ' ἦγον ἐν τιμαῖσί νιν,  
 τυραννίδος δ' ἐρῶντ' ἐτιμώρησά νιν.  
 ἄρ' οὖν δίκαι' ἔσχηκε, πένθος μὲν φίλος,  
 χάριν τυχηρός, ἐσθλὸς ὦν τιμῆς λάχος,  
 τιμωρίαν δὲ τῆς τυραννίδος γ' ἐρῶν.  
 φέρ' οὖν, τίς ὦδε δειλός, ὥς δεσμῶν ἐρᾶν ;  
 τοῦτον γὰρ ἀδικῶ. τίς δὲ βαρβάρου χθονός ;  
 τοῦτον γὰρ ἀδικῶ. τίς δὲ πατρίδ' οὐ φιλεῖ ;  
 τοῦτον γὰρ ἀδικῶ. λεξάτω. σιγῶ δ' ἐγώ.  
 οὐδεὶς γε, Βροῦτε.

Χο.

Βρ.

τοίγαρ ἐξαμαρτάνω  
 πρὸς οὐδέν'. οὐδὲ μείζον ἐξέπραξά νιν  
 ἢ καμ' ἂν ὑμεῖς· πᾶσι δ' οὖν μαθεῖν τάδε  
 δείκνυσι κύρβις ἐν πόλει γεγραμμένη,  
 τά τ' ἔσθλ' ἅπαντ' ἔχουσα καὶ τὰ χείρονα,  
 πρὸς τοῦπιεικὲς καίπερ ἀξίῳ θανεῖν  
 συγκεῖμεν'. ἀλλ' ὅδ' αὐτὸς εἰσκομίζεται  
 νεκρός τε καὶ πρώτοις γε πειθούντων φίλων  
 Ἀντώνιος βέβηκεν· ὅς γε, μὴ θιγῶν  
 τοῖργου, μεθέξει κέρδος, εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶν,

as which of you shall not? With this I depart :  
That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I  
have the same dagger for myself, when it shall pleas :  
my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and  
clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

ὥς πάντες ὑμεῖς τήνδ' ὄνησιν ἔξετε.  
 χωρῶν δ' ἂν εἴποιμ', ὥς ἐγὼ Ῥώμης χάριν  
 ἔκτεινα τὸν στέργοντα, ταῦτ' οὐ φάσγανον  
 τόδ' εἰς ἑμαυτὸν τῆσδε γῆς τρέψειν χάριν,  
 ἣν ἡ πατρίς μου τοῦτο μ' ἐξαιτῇ χρέος.

Χο. α'. ζῆ, Βροῦτε, χαίρων ζῆθι, μηδὲ καθάνης.

Χο. β'. ἄγωμεν αὐτὸν οἰκάδ' ἐν πομπαῖς, φίλοι.

Χο. γ'. χρυσοῦς δὲ Βρούτοις τοῖς πάλαι παρεστάτω.

Χο. δ'. κἄστω γε Καῖσαρ.

Χο. ε'. Καῖσαρος τὰ λῶνα  
 Βροῦτος γεραίρων νῦν πόλει φανήσεται.

Χο. ζ'. ὑμνοῦντες αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους προπέμψομεν.

Βρ. ἀκούσατ', ἄστοί.

Χο. α'. σῖγα, φωνεῖ γὰρ πάλιν.

Χο. β'. Βρούτου κλύωμεν εὐσεβῶς εὐφημία.

Βρ. κεδνοὶ πολῖται, τῇδ' ἀνεὺ πομπῶν ἐμέ  
 ἑᾶτ' ἀπελθεῖν, κακδέχεσθ' Ἀντώνιον,  
 ἐμὴν χάριν πράσσοντες· ἐντίμως δέ γε  
 ταφὰς περιστέλλοντες εἰσακούσατε  
 Ἀντωνίου λέγοντος εἰς τιμὴν νεκροῦ.  
 ἡμῶν δ' ἐώντων καὶ κελεύοντων τάδε  
 κείνος προλέξει· τοιγαροῦν μηδεὶς γ' ἴτω,  
 πρίν ἂν διέλθῃ πάντα, πλὴν ἐγὼ μόνος.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;  
We'll hear him : Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

Χο. α'. Ἀλλὰ μείνατ', ὦ πολῖται, κείσακούσωμεν λόγον.

Χο. β'. Ναὶ, παρελθέτω γε χοῦτος βῆμ' ἐφ' ὑψηλὸν  
πόλεως,

εἰσακουσόμεσθα γὰρ τοῦδ'. ἀλλ' ἀνέλθ', ὦ  
γεννάδα.

Ἀντ. Βρούτου γε πολλὴν οὐνεκ' οἶδ' ὑμῖν χάριν.

Χο. α'. τί δὲ λέγει 'πὶ Βρούτον οὗτος ;

Χο. β'. ἡμῖν ὡς Βρούτου χάριν  
οἶδεν ἴσχων.

Χο. γ'. βέλτερόν σφε μὴ κακῶς Βρούτον λέγειν.

Χο. δ'. ἡ τύραννος ἦν ἐκείνος.

Χο. ε'. τοῦτο μὲν σαφέστατον.  
ἀσμένιοις δ' ἡμῖν γε 'Ρώμῃ τοῦδ' ἀπηλλάχθη  
ζυγοῦ.

Χο. ζ'. ἀλλ' ἀκούσωμέν γε μύθων· ἔχετε δῆτ' εὐφημίαν.

Ἀντ. τῆς εὐμενείας !

Χο. κλύετε δῆτ' εὐφημίᾳ.

Ἀντ. ἄνδρες χθονὸς τῆσδ' εὐμενεῖς οἰκήτορες,  
ὦ ξυμπολῖται καὶ φίλοι, πρόεσθε μοι  
κἂν σμικρὸν εἰπεῖν. οὐ γὰρ οὖν ἐπαινέτης  
πάρειμ' ἐγὼ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, ἀλλ' ὅσον ταφεὺς.  
ἂν μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράξῃ τις, ὥς τὰ πολλά τοι  
καὶ ξυντέθαιπται. ζῆ δὲ τᾶχρηστον μόνον.  
οὕτω γενέσθω δῆτα. κἂν τῷ Καίσαρι.  
εἵρηκεν ὑμῖν Βρούτος, εὐγενὴς ἀνὴρ,



If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men ;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath  
    wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;



τόνδ' ἄνδρα δεινῶς τῆς δυναστείας ἔραν.  
 εἰ ταῦτ' ἀληθῆ, δεινὸν ἐξημάρτανεν,  
 δεινὴν γε μέν τοι κάκτινει τιμωρίαν.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐὼντος τῶνδε γενναίου χοροῦ,  
 Βρούτου τε καὶ τῶν ἐξ Ἰσῆς κείνῳ φρενὺς,  
 πάντων γεγώτων εὐγενῶν ἐξ εὐγενῶν,  
 πάρειμι λέξων ἐν ταφαῖσι Καίσαρος.  
 ἐμοὶ μὲν ἦν εὐπιστος ἔνδικος φίλος·  
 εἴρηκε δ' ὑμῖν Βρούτος ὡς τυραννίδος  
 ἦρα· κυρεῖ δ' ὁ Βρούτος εὐγενὴς γεγώς.  
 πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη δεσμίους ἀνήγαγεν  
 Ῥώμην, τὰ δ' οὖν ἄποιν' ἐδήμωσεν πόλει.  
 ἦ ταῦτ' ἐρῶντος ἔργα τῆς τυραννίδος ;  
 ἐδάκρυσε Καῖσαρ εὖτ' ἀνύμωξεν πένης·  
 τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἐρῶντος λῆμ' ἔφυ τυραννίδος ;  
 Βρούτος δέ φησι τόνδ' ἔραν τυραννίδος·  
 κυρεῖ δ' ὁ Βρούτος πᾶσιν εὐγενὴς γεγώς.  
 ἐπεῖδεθ' ὑμεῖς ὡς ἐν ἡμέρᾳ θεοῦ  
 στέφανον τρὶς αὐτῷ βασιλικὸν προὔτειν' ἐγὼ,  
 τρὶς δ' ὡς ἀπωθεῖθ' ; ὧδε δὴ τυραννίδος  
 ἐρώσι ; Βρούτος δ' εἶπεν ὡς τυραννίδος  
 ἦρα· κυρεῖ δ' ὁ Βρούτος εὐγενὴς γεγώς.  
 οὐ δὴ παρήκω τοῦδε μέμφεσθαι λόγον,  
 λέξων δὲ δὴ πάρειμ' ἃ γ' ἐξέπισταμαι.  
 συμπαῶσιν ὑμῖν κείνος ἦν ὀρθῶς φίλος.

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take  
the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than  
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

τί δῆτ' ἐπίσχει μὴ ξυναλγῆσαι μόρον ;  
 ὦμοι· βροτῶν γὰρ ἐξολώλασιν φρένες·  
 ὁ νοῦς δ' ἐς ἔθνη θηρίων ἀπέπτατο.  
 ξύγγνωτε δὴ μοι· θυμὸν εἰς θήκην νεκροῦ  
 βαλὼν, ἐπαύσθην, ἔστ' ἂν εἰσέλθῃ πάλιν.

Χο. α'. οὐκ ἀπὸ γνώμης τάδ' εἶπεν, ὥς ἐμοὶ χρῆσθαι  
 κριτῇ.

Χο. β'. ἡδικήθη τᾶρα Καῖσαρ, ὀρθά γ' ἐνθυμοιμένοις.

Χο. γ'. ἄρα δεῖν' ἔπασχε ; κείνου δ' ἔξομεν μέγαν πό-  
 θον.

Χο. δ'. ἄρα καὶ τόδ' ἐννοεῖτε ; στέμμα κεῖν' ἡναίνετο.  
 τοιγάρ ἐστι πᾶσι δῆλος μὴ τυραννίδος γ'  
 ἐρῶν.

Χο. ε'. εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἦν ταῦθ' ὥς ἔλεξεν, ἄρα κλαύουσιν αἱ  
 τινες ;

Χο. ζ'. ἦν ἰδοῦ· τό γ' ὄμμ' ἐρυθρὸν κλαυμάτων ἔχει  
 φλογί.

Χο. η'. ὦ τάλας· οὐδ' ἔστι Πώμη τοῦδε γ' εὐγενέστερος.

Χο. θ'. προσέχε δὴ· πάλιν γὰρ οὗτος ἄρχεται λόγου  
 τινός.

Ἀντ. εἰς πᾶσιν ἐχθὲς Καῖσαρ ἀντεῖχεν φρενί.  
 νῦν δ' οὐδὲ θῆς σφε τῇδε κείμενον σέβει.  
 εἰ μὲν νυν, ἄνδρες δημόται, θέλοιμ' ἐγὼ  
 ὑμῶν ἐπᾶραι θυμὸν εἰς ἀναρχίαν,  
 δέδοικα μὴ 'ς Βροῦτόν τε Κάσσιόν τε δὴ

Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar.  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we 'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

τούς γ' εὐγενεῖς γεγῶτας ἑξαμαρτάνω.  
οὐ δῆτα δράσω ταῦτα· μάλλον γὰρ θέλω  
ἔς τὸν μέγαν τόνδ' ἑξαμαρτάνειν νέκυν,  
ὕμᾱς τ', ἐμαυτόν τ', ἢ 'ς τὸν εὐγενῇ χορόν.  
ἀλλ' ἐστὶ δέλτος ἥδ', ἔχουσα Καίσαρος  
σφραγίδ'. ἐφεῦρον δ' ἐν δόμοις, συνθήματα  
κείνου φέρουσιν ὕστατ'. ἐξερῶ μὲν οὐ,  
πάρετε τοσοῦτόν γ'. εἰ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀκούσεται  
πόλις, παρελθὼν πᾶς τις εἰς τούτου σφαγὰς  
κυνοῦντες εἰσκύψουσιν, ἐν φοναῖσι δὲ  
τέγγουσιν ἱραῖς εἴμαθ', ὥς μνημεῖα δὲ  
κείνου ποθοῦντες βόσπρυχον δεξαΐατ' ἂν  
σπανιστὸν, εἴτα παισὶ κληρώσαιεν ἄν,  
κτῆσιν ποθεινὴν ἐννέποντες ὑστέροις.

Χο. οὐκ ἄρ' ἀναγνώσει δέλτον ὅπως τάχος;  
τάδε γὰρ οὖν κλύειν πᾶς τις ἐφώρμηται.

Ἀντ. οὐκ ἂν παράσχοιτ' εὐμενῇ πειθαρχίαν,  
ταῦτ' εὖ παρέντες; οὐδὲ συμφέρει πόλει  
ὕμᾱς ἀκοῦσαι, Καῖσαρ ὥς εὖνους ἔφν'  
οὐ γὰρ ξύλων τιν' οὐδὲ πετραίαν φύσιν  
ἔσχηκατ'. ἀλλὰ ταῦτ' ἀκούοντες φρένας  
ἀνθρωπίνως ἀρεῖσθε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενές.  
μοῖραν γὰρ ἀγαθῶν ἦν μάθητ' εἰληφότες,  
λυσσῶντες ἤδη πᾶν βλάβος κινήσετε.

Χο. οὐκ ἀποδεξόμεσθ' ὥς τάδε μὴ κλύειν  
οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἂν φθάνοις πειθόμενος πόλει.



*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

*Cit.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!  
read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—



Ἄντ. οὐ δῆτ' ἂν ἀμμείναιτ' ἄρ' ἔτι βαιὸν χρόνον ;  
λαθὼν δ' ἐμαυτὸν ἔφθασ' ἐκβαλὼν ἔπος.  
δέδοικα γάρ, δέδοικα, μὴ 'ς τοὺς εὐγενεῖς  
φονῆς ἀμάρτω Καίσαρος, φράσας τάδε.

Χο. εἰς προδότας μὲν οἶν αἰσχροτάτους λέγεις,  
εὐγενὲς οὐχ οἴους τ' οὐδ' ὑγιᾶς φρονεῖν.  
ἀναγνοὺς γενοῦ γράμματα σὺν τάχει·  
δέλτον φράζε δῆ, τοὺς δ' ἀσεβεῖς ἔα.

Ἄντ. ἦ πᾶσ' ἀνάγκη μ' ἐκφράσαι συνθήματα ;  
δεῦτ' οἶν· περίξ κυκλοῦσθε Καίσαρος νέκυν·  
δείξω δ' ὅς ἦν τῶνδ' αἴτιος συνθημάτων.  
ἦ καὶ θελόντων ἔστι μοι βῆναι κάτω ;

Χο. α'. κατάβα.

Χο. β'. κάτω βῆθ'.

Χο. γ'. ἄλλ' ἐάσομέν σε δῆ.

Χο. α'. στήτ' ἀπωτέρω φερέτρου· στήτ' ἀπωτέρω νεκροῦ.

Χο. β'. δόντες εὐρὺν τῷ γε Μάρκῳ χῶρον εὐγενεστάτῳ.

Ἄντ. μὴ θλίβεθ' οὕτως, ὦ φίλοι· στήτ' ἐκποδῶν.

Χο. οὐ πάλιν βάσιν τ' ἀνοίσετε, ἐκποδῶν θ' ἐστήξετε ;

Ἄντ. νῦν, εἴ ποτ' αὖθις, δακρύων ἀνοίξετε  
πηγὰς· πέπλον γὰρ πάντες εἶ μὲν ἵστε που  
τόνδ'· ἄλλ' ἐγὼ τὰ πρῶτα μέμνημαί γ' ὅτε  
ἔδυσθε Καῖσαρ, ἐσπέρας, ὥρα θέρους,  
σκηνῆς ὑπαυλος, ἧ' ἐκράτησεν ἡμέρα  
Νερβούς· ἴδεσθε· τῇδε Κασσίου ξίφος

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd ;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty  
heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what ? weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

ἔπειρε· τῇδε δυσφιλῆς Κάσκου βία  
 τοσόνδε ῥῆγμ' ἔρρηξε· τῇδε Βροῦτος αὖ  
 ὃ γ' εὖ φιλητὸς δόλιον ἦξε φάσγανον.  
 ἔγχος δ' ἀποσπῶντ' ἀνόσιον σκέψασθέ μοι  
 ὥς Καίσαρος δὴ θερμὸν αἶμ' ἐφέσπετο,  
 ὀρμώμενον θύραξ' ἐρωτῶντος δίκην  
 εἰ Βροῦτος ἐτεὺν ᾧδ' ἔκοψεν, εἴτ' ἄρ' οὔ.  
 Βροῦτος γὰρ ἦν που τῷδ' ὁμοῖα δαίμονος,  
 τῶν φιλτάτων τὰ πρῶτα· θεοὶ ξυνίστορες.  
 ἐχθρῶν δὲ πάντων πλείστον ἐχθιστον τοῦδ' ἦν  
 πλῆγμ'· ὥς γὰρ εἶδε Καίσαρ εἰσπίπτοντά νιν,  
 ἀχάριτον ἦτορ, προδοσίας πλέον κρατοῦν,  
 ἐχθρᾶς τε χειρὸς, τοῦδ' ἐνίκησεν φρένα.  
 ἔρρηξε δ' ἦτορ ἄλκιμον Καίσαρ τότε,  
 κἄν τοι πέπλοισιν ὄμματ' ἐγκεκρυμμένος,  
 τοῦ πρὶν μεγίστου φωτὸς ἀνδριάντα δὴ  
 πολυρρύτοις φοναῖσιν ἥμαξεν πεσών.  
 ποῖον δοκεῖτε πτώμ' ἐκεῖν', ᾧ δημόται;  
 πάντων γὰρ ἡμῶν πτώματ', οὐχ ἑνὸς μόνου,  
 ἐκεῖ ξυνῆψε· φοίνιος δ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ  
 δαίμων μέγιστος προδοσίας εἰσήλατο.  
 ἄρ' ἐκδακρύετ'; ὄμβρος αἰδόφρων ᾧδε.  
 ᾧ πέπονες, ἦ γὰρ Καίσαρος τετρωμένην  
 ἐσθῆτ' ἰδόντες ᾧδέ μοι μύρεσθ' ἄγαν;  
 θεᾶσθε γ' αὐτὸν τοῖς προδοῦσιν ὥς ἔχει.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—  
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not  
a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there !—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die  
with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honour-  
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

Χο. α'. ἰὼ, ἰώ, ἐή· ἐμὲ τὰδ' εἰσορᾶν· οἰκτρότατ' οὖν ἔχεις,  
ἀπάντων γ' ἔχων πραότατον κέαρ.

Χο. β'. αἰσχροτάτον μὲν οὖν ἀπάντων τόδ' ἦν,  
πρᾶγος ἀβελτέρων δόλιον ἐκ χερῶν.

Χο. γ'. δόλια φόνια δὴ τιμωρεῖν χρέων  
ἔργματα σὺν τάχει· τιμωρεῖν φίλοι  
σπεύσατε, καίετε, κτείνετε σὺν πυρὶ,  
κτείνετε σὺν ξίφει πανωλεθρία.

Ἀντ. ὦ μείνατ', ἀστοί·

Χο. α'. σίγ' ἀκούσωμεν, φίλοι.

Χο. β'. ἀκουσόμεθα δὴ ξὺν εὐφημίᾳ τοῦδ' Ἀντωνίου.  
κλύωμεν λόγους· ἐψόμεθ' εἰς μόρον.

Ἀντ. μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ἄνδρες εὐφιλέστατοι,  
δί' ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἄρησθέ γ' ἐξαίφνης χόλον  
τοσῶδε σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ φρενῶν σάλῳ·  
ἐξ εὐγενῶν γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' εἰργασμένον.  
ποίαις δὲ χωρὶς αἰτίαις λυπούμενοι  
ἔργ' ὧδ' ἔπραξαν σχέτλι', οὐκ ἐπίσταμαι·  
ἀλλ' εὐγενῶς δὴ κεῖ φρονοῦντες οἶδ' ὅτι  
πρὸς μέμψιν ὑμῖν τῶνδ' ἀμείβονται λόγῳ.  
οὐ γὰρ παρήλθον ὥς διαφθερῶν φρένας,  
οὐδ' εἴ λέγειν δὴ, Βροῦτος ὥς, ἐπίσταμαι,  
πάντες γὰρ ἴστε μ' ὄνθ' ἀπλούστατόν τινα  
φῶτ' αὐθέκαστον, τὸν ἐμὸν ὥς στέργων φίλον  
εἰκῇ προβαίνων ὑμῖν εἰδόσιν τάδε



For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
          mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny !

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus !

3 *Cit.* Away then ; come, seek the conspirators !

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me  
          speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
          what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not—I must tell you then :—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true ; the will :—let's stay, and hear  
          the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.



φράζω, προδείξας δ' αὐτὰ τοῦδε τραύματα  
 ὑπέρ γ' ἑμαυτοῦ ταῦτα τοῦ φίλου πέρι  
 δείλαι' ἄφωνα στόματα κηρύσσειν ποιῶ.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἴσασιν οἳ μ' ἑάσαντες τάδε  
 ἐς κοινὸν εἰπεῖν. οὔτε γὰρ νόημ' ἔχω  
 οὔτ' ἀξίωμ', οὐ ρήματ', οὐ γλώσσης σθένος  
 πλευρῶν τε ῥώμην, θυμὸν ἐξαίρειν βροτῶν.  
 νὼ δ' εἰ δυναίμεθ' ἐξαμείψασθαι φύσεις,  
 ὥς τόνδε φῦναι Βροῦτον, ἣ κείνόν γ' ἐμέ,  
 Ἄντωνίου παρῆν ἄν ἀλλοίου κλύειν,  
 ὅς τραύματ' οὐκ ἄγλωσσα ταῦτ' ἐφήνατ' ἄν,  
 ἀλλ' αἰνὰ τολμᾶν ὑμῖν ἐκμήνας φρένας  
 λαβροσσύτοις λόγοισι κινήσειεν ἄν  
 καὶ πάντα Ῥώμης πέτρον εἰς ἀναρχίαν.

Χο. α'. στάσιν ἐγείρετε, στάσιν ἐμὴν, φίλοι· δίσταρχεν  
 στάσιν.

Χο. β'. πρήσωμεν δόμους τῶνδε παναιτίου.

Χο. γ'. ἴτ' ἴτε σὺν τάχει τῶνδε συνωμοτῶν κτενοῦντες  
 στάσιν.

Ἄντ. ὦ ξυμπολῖται, κλυτέ γ' ἀλλὰ νῦν ἔτι.

Χο. εὐφημεῖτε δὴ· κλύωμεν τάδ'· ὦ γενναῖον κάρα!

Ἄντ. οὐδέν γέ πω κατίσθ' ὅ τοι δρασείετε.  
 πῶς ἦν τοσαύτης ἄξιος στοργῆς ὅδε;  
 οὐκ ἴστε δὴ ταῦτ'. ἀλλ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν χρέων.  
 κείνων γὰρ οὐ μέμνησθε τῶν συνθημάτων.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! we 'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never ! Come, away, away !  
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work ! Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt !

- Χο. κλίωμεν οὖν καὶ ταῦτά γ'. εἶ ἄρ οὖν λέγεις.  
 Ἄντ. κείνου τόδ' ἔστι τοῦτοπος ἐσφραγισμένον·  
 ἀστῶν ἐκάστω γ' ἀνδρακὰς δίδωσι δὴ  
 τρὶς πέντε καὶ τρὶς εἰκόσιν δραχμῶν λαχεῖν.  
 Χο. γενναῖον κάρα· βασιλικὸν τόδ' ἦν· τισόμεθ' οὖν  
 μόνον.  
 Ἄντ. μήπω γε, πρὶν μάθητε.  
 Χο. σίγ' ἐπίσχετε.  
 Ἄντ. πρὸς τοῖσδέ τοι λέλοιπε περιπάτων κύκλον.  
 ὕλην θ' ἅπασαν, νεοφύτων δένδρων σκιάν,  
 ἐντός γε Τίβρεως, κλῆρον ὥς ἐλεύθερον,  
 ὑμῖν τε καὶ τοῖς παισὶ καὶ τέκνων τέκνοις,  
 ὥστ' εἶ σκιατροφοῦντας ἐξοδοιοπορεῖν  
 κοινὴν ἔχοντας ἡδέως ἀναψυχήν.  
 τίς τοῦδ' ὁμοῖον ἀνδρὸς ὄψεται ποτε ;  
 Χο. α'. οὐ ποτε Καίσαρός γ' ὁμοῖον βλέψω.  
 Χο. β'. εἴ' ἄγετ', ὦ φίλοι, σῶμ' ἱερᾷ πυρᾷ  
 κέαντες, δάδων ἄψωμεν δόμους  
 τῶν προδοτῶν· ἀλλ' εἴ, ἄρωμεν νέκυν.  
 Χο. κομίσασθ' ἄγετε πῦρ.  
 πίνακας ἀπὸ δόμων  
 ῥήξατε, φέρετε δὴ  
 σανίδας ἐκ θυρῶν·  
 ἀποσπᾶτέ μοι  
 θυρίδι' οἰκιῶν, βάθρ' ἀφ' ἑδωλιῶν·  
 ἄγετε πυρπολοῦντες ὀρμώμεθα.  
 Ἄντ. ἔτω κατ' οὖρον· ὦ νέον βλάβης μένος,  
 ὅποι γε χρήξεις, τῶνδ' ἀφόρμησον πάθη.

## XX.

*Cass.* But since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together :  
What are you then determinèd to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself :—I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life :—arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cass.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end the work the ides of March begun ;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—

XX.

Γαῖος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ πάντ' ἄδηλα τάνθρώπων ἔφν,  
τὴν τοι κακίστην χρὴ λογίξασθαι τύχην.  
ἦν γὰρ σφαλῶμεν τῇδε συμβολῇ, τανῦν  
πανύστατον σύνεσμεν ἐν χρεῖα λόγων.

τί δὴ προείλου, Βροῦτε, τάντεῦθεν παθεῖν ;

Βρ. οὐ τοί ποτ' ἄλλης εἴμ' ἔγωγε φροντίδος  
ἢ πρόσθε τὴν Κάτωνος ἐν λόγοις ψέγων  
κῆρ' αὐτόχειρα· καὶ γὰρ, οὐκ οἶδ' οὖν ὅπως,  
δειλῆς ἔμοιγε φαίνεται δυσθυμίας  
ἀφανῶν φόβοισι τοῦ χρόνου καιρὸν φθάνειν.  
εὖ καρτερῶν δ' ἐμαυτὸν ἐξοπλίζομαι  
θεῶν πρόνοιαν τῶν κυβερνώντων μένειν.

Γαῖ. νῶν οὖν σφαλέντων, δῆλον ὥς ἔτοιμος εἶ  
Ρώμης ἀγυίας δουλικῇ πομπῇ περᾶν.

Βρ. οὐ δῆτα τοῦτ' αὖ· μὴ δὲ δοξάσης γ' ἐμέ,  
ὦ Γαῖε, Ῥώμην ἄν ποτ' ἐν δεσμοῖς μολεῖν.  
μείζω γὰρ, ὦ γενναῖε, τὴν ψυχὴν φέρω.  
ἀλλ' οὖν τόδ' ἡμαρ ἡμέρας κείνης τέλος  
κρᾶναι πέπρωται. τοῦτο δ' ἐν τῷ δαίμονι,  
εἰ καὶ ποτ' αὖθις συντυχεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεών.  
ἄσπασμόν οὖν μοι τὸν τελευταῖον δέχου·  
ὦ Γαῖ', ἔσαεὶ χαῖρέ μοι, φίλον κᾶρα.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

*Cass.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on.—O that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come !  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

XXI.

Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of stone :  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.



εἰ μὲν γὰρ αὖθις συντύχοιμεν, ἡδέως  
 γελῶμεν ἂν ταῦτ', εἰ δὲ μὴ, καλῶς ἔχει.

Γαί. ὦ Βροῦτ', ἔσαεὶ καὶ σὺ χαῖρ' ἐμοὶ φίλος.  
 ὥς ἦν τε συντύχωμεν, ἡδέως ἂν οὖν  
 γελῶμεν· ἦν τε μὴ, τάδ' ὥς κάλλιστ' ἔχει.

Βρ. ὁρμώμεθ' οὖν ἐκ τῶνδέ γ'· εἴ γάρ τις τάδε  
 γνῶναι δύναιτο ποῖ τέλος προβήσεται.  
 ἀλλ' εἷς τι γὰρ δὴ καὶ προβήσεται τέλος,  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἀπαρκεῖ. σήματ' ἄρωμεν πρόσω.

XXI.

Γοᾶσθω πᾶς τις ὅπως βοῆς.

ἦ σκοπέλοισι δυσδάκρυτ' ὄμματα  
 στόματά τ' ἥτέ ποθεν ὁμοῖοι φύσιν,  
 τὸ μὴ μακροῖσιν οὐρανὸν ῥῆξαι γόοις.

## XXII.

Amictus corporis . . . enuntiat hominem qualis sit.

ECCLUS. XIX. 30.

Est pudor qui adducit gloriam et gratiam.—*Ibid.* IV. 21.

QUÀ juxta Eoos Urbs antiquissima fluctus  
 Praeteriti decoris flet monumenta sui,  
 Rubrâ spectanda est Academica Veste Juventus,  
 Rubrâ splendescit Veste palaestra<sup>1</sup> virûm.  
 Miranti istius quaenam sit causa coloris,  
 Nescio quis ridens talia voce refert :—  
 ‘ Non color iste sapit rubicundi pocula Bacchi,  
 Non fera sanguineâ praelia gesta manu :  
 Ingenui proprium est signum, mihi crede, pudoris,  
 Quem vitâ ut quisque est optimus, ore gerit.  
 Quis nescit quantum studiis Urbs nostra severis,  
 Quis nescit quantum floreat arte pilae ?  
 Adde virum, nostros qui nunc ornatque regitque,  
 Judicio princeps eloquioque, greges :  
 Et quum Naturâ sit tanta modestia nobis,  
 Quid mirum est ipsas erubuisse togas ?’

C. W.

<sup>1</sup> The Links.

XXII.

Αἰδὼς ἀγαθή.

Ἐν τι σαοφροσύνη χρωῶμ' ἀνδρεία τε τέτυκται.

Ἔστι πόλις πνοιῆς ἐρεθιζομένη βορέας,  
 ἥ τε πέλας πύργων οἶνοπα πόντον ἔχει·  
 πρὶν πολυτιμήτη, νῦν δ' αὖ λυγροῖσιν ἐφήσται  
 κύδεος ἀρχαίου μνήμασι πενθαλήη.  
 τῇ περ ἅπασ' ἐρίῳ νεότης φοίνικι κέκασται,  
 ἥ τ' ἄρα μουσοπόλων ἥ θ' ὑπαμουσοτέρη.  
 ἦν δέ τι θαυμάζῃς, ὅ τι βούλεται εἶματ' ἐρυθρά,  
 ἡδύ σοι ἐκγελάσας δὴ τις ἐρεῖ τόδ' ἔπος·  
 (Ὁὐ τὰδε μάργου γ' οἶδε φέρουσ' ἐρυθρήματ' Ἰάκχου.  
 οὐδέ γ' Ἐνναλίου σῆμα τόδ' αἵματόεν·  
 αἰδοῦς τοι τόδε τέκμαρ ἐλευθερίου τ' αἰσχύνης,  
 ἥς ὅστις χρηστὸς λήματι πλείστον ἔχει.  
 ὥσπῃ γ' ἡμέτεροι μουσῶν εἶσ' ἔργματ' ἄριστοι,  
 τόσσον ἐπίστανται σφαῖραν ἄριστ' ἐλάσαι.  
 Οἶος δ' αὖ τοῖσδεσσιν ἀνὴρ ἐπιγίγνεται ἄρχος  
 ἀμφότερον, βουλὰς ἡδὲ θέμιστας ἄκρος.  
 οἷς δέ γε σωφροσύνη πᾶσ' ἐν σπλάγχνοισι πέφυκει.  
 οὐ θαῦμα ἱματίοις τούσδ' ἐρύθημα φέρειν.

## XXIII.

NOT here ! the white North has thy bones ; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole.

## XXIV.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, not laid below,  
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan :  
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know  
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

## XXV.

LIFE is a city with many a street ;  
Death is the market where all men meet :  
If life were a thing which gold could buy,  
The poor could not live and the rich would not die.

XXIII.

Οὐ ταύτῃ κατάκεισαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ὅστέα βορρᾶς  
 ἐν νιφάδεσσιν ἔχει, ναῦτα, κατασχομένον·  
 Αὐτὸς δ', οὐκέτ' ἔρουναν ἔχων ἐπὶ πείρασι γαίας,  
 ναυτιλίαν ἤρω τρίσμακαρ οὐρανίαν.

XXIV.

Τοῦ θείου πρόμαχος, θνητῶν φίλος, οὐχὶ παρ' ἡμῖν,  
 ἀλλὰ νέκυς γαίᾳ τῇλέ που Αἰθιόπων  
 Κεῖσαι, ὁμῶς πᾶσιν κλεινός, πάντες γὰρ ἴσασιν  
 ἀπλοῦν κᾶριστον τὴν χθόνα σ' ἄνδρα τεκεῖν.

XXV.

Πόλις μὲν ὁ βίος, ἐν δ' ἀμαξιτοὺς ἔχει  
 συχνάς· φέρουσι δ' ἐς ἀγορὰν κοινὴν μόρου.  
 εἰ δ' ἦν πριαμένοις φῶς ὀρᾶν, οὐτ' ἂν πένης  
 ἔζη ποτ' οὐδεὶς, οὐτ' ἔθνησχ' ὁ πλούσιος.

## XXVI.

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang  
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;  
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;  
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken  
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,  
By thy love's milky brow !  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
Hear us, great Pan !

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles  
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,  
What time thou wanderest at eventide  
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side  
Of thine enmossèd realms : O thou, to whom  
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom



XXVI.

στρ. ὦ δένδρων δασέων μέλαθρα  
 ναίων σκιάεντ' ἀεὶ σιωπᾷ,  
 ἴν' ἄβλεπτα βρύει τε καὶ  
 ἄσυχαιᾶ μαραίνεται  
 θεαινῶν στεφανώματ' ἄνθη·  
 σοὶ γὰρ μυχῶ ὕλας  
 λεαίνουσ' ἀνάδημα χαίτας·  
 σοὶ καὶ γοερὸν μέλος  
 ἂν ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα μινύρεται  
 ἐρῶντι τᾷς ποθεινᾷς  
 Σύριγγος· σὺ δὲ νῦν ἀκούσαιο,  
 ὦ Πάν, πρὸς ἔρωτος ἀντόμεσθά σ'  
 ἀργήτος διερᾷς τε νύμφας.

ἀντ. σοί ῥ' ὑπνοδόταν χέουσι  
 μύρτου νόμον ἐν κλάδοις πέλειαι  
 βαδίζοντι πρὸς ἐσπέραν  
 εὐδίοισιν ἀγρῶν πτυχαῖς  
 χλοηρᾷς πλαγίαισιν ὕλας.  
 σοὶ δ' εὐρυνπέταλοι

Their ripened fruitage ; yellow-girted bees

Their golden honeycombs ; . . .

. . . yea, the fresh-budding year

All its completions—be quickly near,

By every wind that nods the mountain-pine,

O forester divine !

ὁπώραν ὑπέχουσι συκαί·  
 σοὶ χρυσοφαῆς μέλι  
 ξουθομίτραινα μέλισσα συνήνυσεν  
 ἅπαν τε μῆνες ἄνθος  
 πληροῦσιν· σὺ δ' ἄφαρ προσέλθοις,  
 ὦ Πάν, πρὸς ἅπαντος ἀντόμεσθά σ'  
 ἐν πεύκαις ξεφύρου πνέοντος.

## XXVII.

ANTONII APOLOGIA.<sup>1</sup>

Μίνως—Ἀντωνίου εἶδωλον.

MIN. Ἦκεις· ὑπεύθυνον δὲ τοῦντεῦθέν σε χρὶ  
 ἡμῖν φανῆναι τῶν τ' ἐκεῖ πεπραγμένων,  
 ἃ δ' αὖ μεγίστους τῶν καλῶν καιροὺς παρεῖς  
 αἰσχροῦς ἐν ἀργοῖς ἔβαλες οὐδ' ἐφρόντισας,  
 ἀλλ' ἀνδρὶ τηλικῷδε τηλικούτος ὢν  
 ἀρχὴν ἀπάσης γῆς γυναιῖκος οὐνεκα  
 ἐνδοὺς ἀφῆκας, ἐν χεροῖν νίκην ἔχων.  
 εἰ δ' αὖτε κἀκράτησας, ὥς εἶχες τρόποις,  
 χείρων βροτοῖσιν ἂν τύχη προσέπτατο,  
 ὅστις, παρ' οὐδὲν θέμενος ἀρχαίους νόμους,  
 Νειλωτίδος γῆς ἀνοσίως ὀρμώμενος  
 σὴν πατρίδ' ἠϋχέεις ἂν κατασκάψαι δορί,  
 πληρῶν ἅπαντα τῷ μελαγχίμῳ στρατῷ.  
 αἰσχροῦς δ' ἀπ' αἰσχρῶν ἐκπίτνεις τολμημάτων.  
 νῦν δ' οὖν ἀπειλεῖς αἰθις εἰς φάος μολών,  
 εἶδωλον ἀργὸν ἀργίας τ' ὀφλὼν κρίσιν,

<sup>1</sup> Ἡ μὲν ὑπόθεσις ἐν ἀφανεί κείμεται· οἶμαι μέντοι τῶν ὑποκριτῶν  
 τινα περὶ Ἀντωνίου τι δρᾶμα μέλλοντα περανεῖσθαι οὕτω πρὸς  
 τινα τῶν περὶ Αἰγύπτου λογίων τοιοῦτόν τι εἶδος πλασάμενον  
 ἐπιχειρεῖν ἀπολογεῖσθαι.—SCHOL.

τὰς σὰς διελθεῖν κάποδείξασθαι τρυφάς,—  
οὕτως ἀναιδής τ' ἦσθα καὶ γνώμης κενός.

ἌΝΤ. Κακῶς πέπρακται. τῶνδε δ' ὑστέροις ἴσως  
ἔσται τις αἰδώς, οἷος ὦν οἶων κυρῶ.  
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ μήτρως τοῦ καλοῦ νεανίου  
τοῦ τῆσδ' ἔρωτος οὐδαμῇ κρείσσων ἔφν.  
τύχη δ' ἐπιρρέπουσα τοῖς μὲν ἡδονῶν  
ποινὰς ἔπραξε, τῶν δ' ἐλευθεροῖ βίον.  
ἡμεῖς δέ γ' οὐδ' εἰ δυστυχοῦμεν, ἐς τὸ πᾶν  
αἰσχροῦς βιῶναι τοῖς ἔπειτα δόξομεν.  
ἔσωφρόνησα μὲν γὰρ οὐ· τίς ἀντερεῖ;  
φίλοισι δ' ἡδὺς χάρισι παντοίαις φανείς  
πολλοῖσι πόλλ' ἔδωκα· καὶ βελτίονος  
τυχῶν συνώρου πλεῖστ' ἂν ὠφέλουν βροτοίς.  
νῦν δ' οὐκ ἄγαν ἔβλαψα· ταῦτ' εἴρξεν θεός.  
πανσθεῖς δὲ θορύβου τοῦ μάτην πεπαισμένοι,  
μνήμαισι τέρψω· τοῖος ἐκφανήσεται  
Ἄγγλοις ἀοιδὸς, πάντα τὰνθρώπων πάθη  
τέγγων πόθοισιν, ἐκ μελιστάκτου φρενὸς  
κάπ' ἐσχάταις τόλμαισιν ἐκμάσσω χλιδήν.  
πῶς δ' οὐ τόδ' ἦν δίκαιον; εἰ μαιφόνου  
Φαῖδραι Κλυταίμνηστραί τε, καὶ πανουργίας  
Ἑλένη τέχνημ' ἔχθιστον, ἐν τραγωδίαις  
οἶκτον φέρονται, καὐτὸς ἀτῆλος κύων  
Καῦδωρ; τί δῆτα τοῦμὸν οὐ μενεῖ κλέος;

ἡ δ' οὐδαμῶς κενδή γε. λῆμα γὰρ θρασύ.  
 φίλοισί τ' οὐκ εὖπιστος· ὁψ' ἔγνω τόδε.  
 ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπ' ἔργοις πᾶσιν ἄσβεστον προσῆν  
 στέργηθρον· οὕτω πᾶσι καὶ πάσαις ἔφν  
 ὦρα τ' ἀγήρως ἡμέροις τε ποικίλῃ·  
 ὥστ' οὐδ' ἐν Ἀιδου δῆγμ' ἀποσβῆναι πόθου.  
 εἰ δ' ἡμῖν ἄλλη μοῖρ' ἐπεστάτει βίου,  
 ἀμφοῖν ἄν εἴπετ' εὐκλεεστέρα φάτις.  
 εἰ δ' αὖτ' Ὀσιρις Ζηνὸς ἐξελὼν κράτος  
 Ῥώμην κατέσχευεν, ἄρα παντελῶς ἔδει  
 κῆρας προσάψαι ταῦτα τοῖς πλείστοις βροτοῖς;  
 πόθεν; τί καὶ παθοῦσιν; οὐ χῶ Ζεὺς ἄρα  
 ἡσων γυναικῶν ἔπλετ'; οὐ Μέμφι ποτ' ἦν  
 ἀλκῇ τε καὶ βουλαῖσιν ἐμπρέπων λέως;  
 ταῦτ' οἶσθ' ἀκριβῶς αὐτός. ἀλλὰ μὴ τανῦν  
 ὀρμώμενόν με, λίσσομαί σ', ἀντισπάσης.  
 οὐ γάρ σε, θάρσει, τοῖσδ' ἄν αἰσχύνοιμ' ἔτι  
 σεμνοστόμοισι σῶφροσιν βακχεύμασιν·  
 ὅστις πάλαι τοιόνδε τῷ πάθει μάθος  
 αὐτός τ' ἐφεῦρον καὶ βροτοῖς φῆναι θέλω.



XXVIII.

Εἰς Σοφοκλῆν.

ὦ μάκαρ, ὡς λαμπρῶς τὸ σὸν ὄμμ' εὐαγὲς ἀερθεῖν  
 ἄθλα τάλαιπύρων πάντ' ἄρ' ὅπωπε βροτῶν·  
 αὐτὸς δ' αὖ πνοιῆς αἰθρηγενέεσσιν Ὀλύμπου  
 ἐνναίων, τελέθεις αἰὲν ἀπειρόκακος.

XXIX.

Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν.

Αἰσχύλος Αἰτναίᾳ φέρεται προσαλίγκιος ὄρμη,  
 ξύννομον οἰνάνθη πῦρ μαλερὸν προχέων.  
 Σοὶ δ' εἴ λειότερόν τι, Σοφοκλέες, εἶδος ἐκράτῃ,  
 οὐκ ἄρα μείον ἐνῆν, οὐ πυρὸς, οὐ μέλιτος.

XXX.

*‘Sophoclem’ viro clarissimo A. C. S.  
 donat L. C.*

τὸν ἐκ μελίσσης ἡδὺ τέγξαντα στόμα  
 δοὺς τῷ παρ' ἡμῖν ταῦτ' εἰληχότι.

## XXXI.

VIRO ADMODUM REVERENDO

C. W., S. P.

Τῆς εὐεπείας εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξιὼν,  
 πῶς ἂν λάβοιμι δυσχερέστερον κριτὴν  
 ἢ σοὶ προσελθὼν, ὅστις ἀρτίως κυρεῖς  
 τὸν πάντ' ἄριστον τῆσδ' ἐπιστάτην τέχνης  
 αὐτός τ' ἀναγνοὺς συντρόφου γνώμης ὁδοῖς,  
 ξυμπᾶσι θ' ἡμῖν καινὸς ἑρμηνεὺς φανείς,  
 ἐκάθηρας, εἴ τι πλημμελῶς γράψας τύχοι!  
 ὅμως δ' ἔτλην καὶ ταῦτα· τοῖς δὲ σώφροσιν  
 εὖνους τε χαῦτὸς δριμὺς εὖθυνος λόγων  
 πάντων ἀρέσκει, πρὸς γ' ἔχων παρρησίαν.

## XXXII.

AD EUNDEM.

Εἶ γ' ὅτι δειπνήσας εἶρες κεχαρισμένα θυμῷ  
 ταῦθ' ἂ παρ' Ἑλληνος σοὶ παρέθηκα λαβὼν  
 ἔπτα τραγῆματ' ἐπῶν, φθόγγοις Ἀγγλοῖς παραμίξας,  
 καὶ μέλεσιν, πατρίοις ἡμετέροισι τρόποις.  
 Ἦν δὲ σέ τις τοιῷσδέ γ' ἐδήτυος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντα  
 γλῶσσαν ἀνιήσῃ τῶνδε παροψὶς ἐπῶν,  
 ὕστερον ἐξείπας ἔτι μ' ἂν κεδνόν τε Σοφοκλῆν  
 μᾶλλον ὀνήσειας καὐτὸς ὄναιο συνῶν.

XXXIII.

Εὐεῖα Χθών.

*Anglicè 'Flat-land.'*

Πλάτων μὲν ἀλόγους ὥσπερ εἰ γραμμῆς λέγων  
σκάπτει τὸν ἀμαθῆ τῶν ἀπαιδευτῶν ὄχλον·  
σὺ δ' εὐλόγοισιν ἐπίπεδον γράψας λόγοις  
ἄφραστον ἡμᾶς εἰς μάθημ' ὑπεξάγεις.

XXXIV.

Εἰς σύγγραμμά τι

Κοβητονεογραμματικοφρυνιχήρατον.

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ γενναῖον· οἶον ὄμμασιν  
ἀτεχνῶς ἔπεστι σοῦσιν Ἀττικὸν βλέπος.

XXXV.

Ἐπὶ Ταινάρῳ.

*On the Loss of the 'Birkenhead.'*

Τὸ σκάφος ὧδ' ἀγαθαῖς ψυχαῖς ἀνέθηκε θανούσας  
χειρ ἢ σωζομένη, μνημόσυνον καμάτων.  
Θραυνομένης δ' ἤκουσε νεὸς τάδε νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ  
ἄκρα τε καὶ Πανὸς πρῶνες ὀρεσσιβάτα.  
Ἔνθ' οἷδ' εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ὅμως θνήσκοντες ἔμειναν  
νύκτα τε καὶ πολέμου δεινότερον πέλαγος.  
Χήμας μὲν παυροῦς περ ἔδέξατο γαῖα πλάνητας  
ξείνη, καὶ προφυγοῦσ' ἦδε κλύδων' ἄκατος.  
Τοὺς δ' ἦτ' ἀμφιδρυφεῖς ἄλοχοι καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
κυάνεον ποθέουσ' οἰχομένους θάλαμον.

## XXXVI.

AD VIRUM CLARUM J. C. S.

Ἦθεί', — οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄμμιν ἀνάρσια ἔργα πέλονται  
 ὕβριος εἰδῶλω πύκα μαρναμένοισιν ἀνάγκη,  
 οἷα τότ' ἡϊθέων θάμ' ὑπερβασίας ἐφέποντες  
 εἵργομεν, οὐ δ' ἦν τις πρῆξις κρατέουσί περ ἔμπης·  
 ἀργάλεον δὲ βίῃφι νέων ἀποπαῦσαι ἐρωήν·

— νῦν πάρα μουσάων ἱλαρῶς ἐπακούμεν ὀμφῆς,  
 εἴτε Σοφοκλείῳ σοβαρὰ στείχουσι κοθόρνῳ,  
 εἴτ' ἐπιχώρια δὴ χαλαρὴν προῖενται αἰοιδήν.  
 τῶν μιγνὺς καὶ ἐγὼ καὶνῆς ἐπιβήσομαι οἴμης.

## XXXVII.

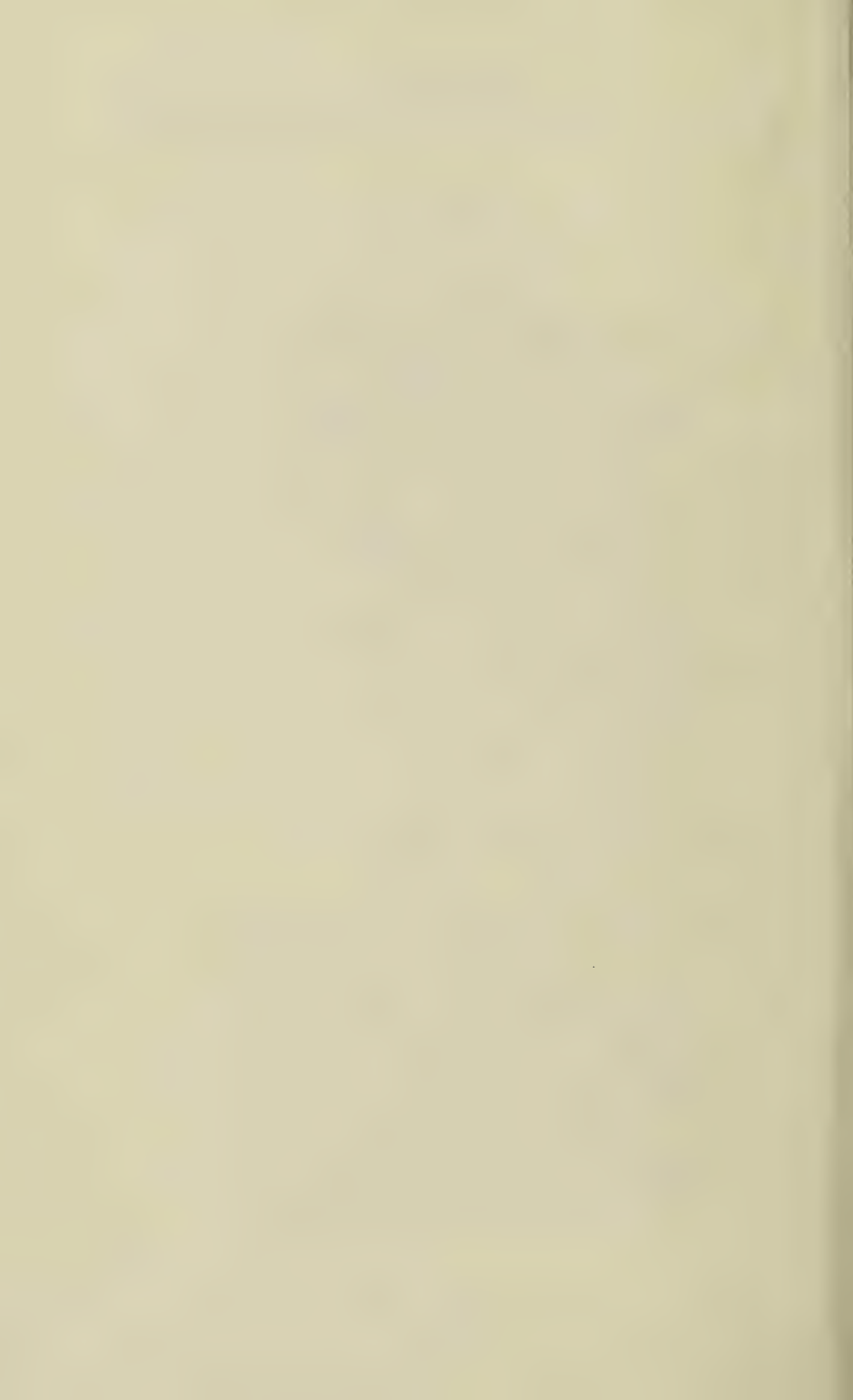
Collegii ab R. Alleynio fundati archimagistro A. H. G.

Ὅς κείνον ὑμῖν κλεινὸς ᾤκισεν δόμον  
 πλοῦτον μὲν αὐτὸς ἔσχεν ἐκ τραγωδιῶν,  
 βίβλους δὲ τάσδ' ἂν εὐφρόνως ἐδέξατο,  
 εἰ ζῶντι κείνῳ ζῶν ἐγὼ ὄδωρησάμην.  
 νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' ὄντος, ἐς σὲ τοῦθ' ἤκει γέρας,  
 κάμου δ' ἂν εἴη μνήμ' ἐπὶν καὐτὸς θάνω.

XXXVIII.

SILENUS.

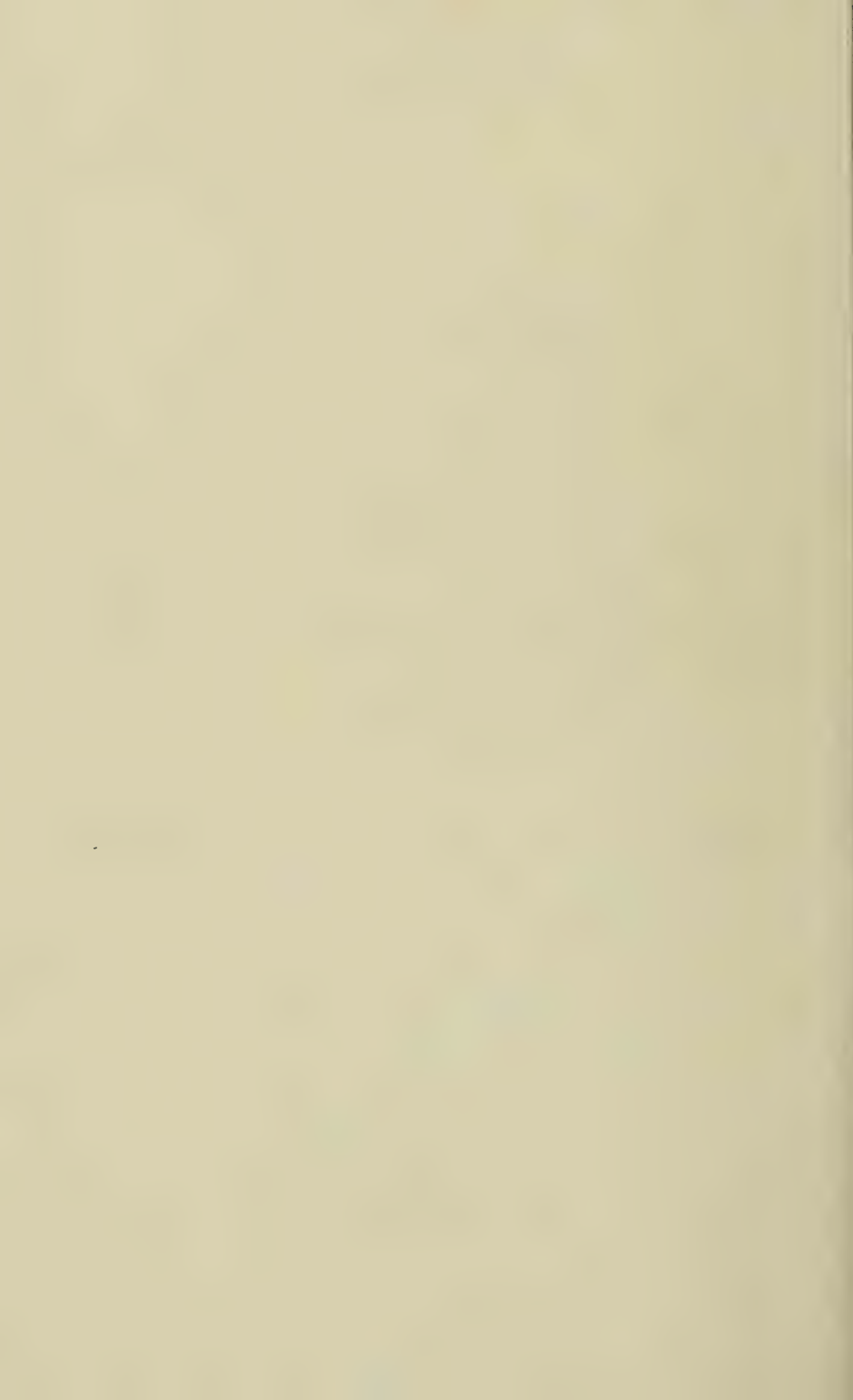
Εἰ γὰρ δοχμίῳ λειμῶνι κλιθεὶς  
 σὺν σοὶ Ῥοδόπης ἐν ὑπωρείαις  
 πλήρη θαύματος ὄμματα λεύσσω  
 καὶ πενθήρη φρένα τερπομένην  
 πράου διεραῖς ἀστέρος αὐγαῖς—  
 ἔνθ' ἐκ νιφάδων πετρῶν κρέματα  
 πεύκη χώροις ἐν πετρινοῖσιν—  
 τρομερῷ χεῖλει χεῖρα μὲν ἀγνὴν  
 πρῶτον, καὶ ἔπειτα παρείαν,  
 ῥιπαῖς ἐλαφραῖς ὁσίως προσιών,  
 ὁαρίζοιμ' εἴτα προθύμως.  
 οἴμοι, σιγᾶν ἂν με κελεύσαις·  
 καὶ πάλλευκον κλίνασα δέρην  
 στρέψαιο πάλιν.  
 νῦν δ' ἐσιδοῦσά γε δέλτον ἀταρβῇ  
 καὶ τάδε γράμματα μηδὲν ἀπηνὲς  
 φαίνοντα πρόσω, τάχ' ἂν ἐξ ἀγίου  
 στόματός τι φίλημα διδοίης,  
 χείλεος ἐγγὺς χεῖρ' ἀραμένη  
 πολυάρητον,  
 πολλοῖς μνηστήν τε βροτοῖσιν.





II.

*NUGÆ LATINÆ.*



I.

AD VIRUM REVERENDUM J. M.

*Qui, anno functus octogesimo, librum suum ornatissimum in lucem edidit, conciones locupletissimas habuit, montes denique Britanniarum quidem altissimos pedibus superavit.*

JAMDUDUM annosum te non vult alma juvenas  
Deserere, incassum temporis icte manu !  
Dona senectutis sine vulnere, dona juventae,  
Quisquis inest medio tempore fructus, habes.  
'Non equidem invideo, miror magis,' et meliorem  
Ipse mihi carpo spem, meditorque sequi.

II.

*Ad librum quendam in partes hyperboreas mittendum.*

I, non urbanis liber exponende tabernis,  
Lector ubi in tectis unus et alter erit,  
Siquando aestivas imber produxerit horas,  
Sive focum taedis nox hiemalis alat.  
Sin piger ignotos refugis peragrarare recessus,  
Pone, precor, vanum, care libelle, metum.  
Grampius, ecce, Oetam referet, pineta Colonon  
Arboribus laetum, cervus et Artemida.

## III.

## OTIUM INTER NEGOTIA.

*Ad virum admodum reverendum H. B. C.*

PLURIMA te semper durissima munera vexant,  
Lentule, non lentis viribus apta tuis :  
At, quoties poscunt obeuntis tempora amici,  
Seu gravia haec fuerint seu leviora, vacas.  
Miror, ut officiis variisque laboribus almo  
Mille foris adsis pectore, mille domi.  
Ingenio sed enim facili linguaeque potenti  
Coelestis praebet fervor amoris opem.

## IV.

## LECTORI BENEVOLO S. P.

Praeteritis gaudes? Paucos modo viderit annos,  
Praeteritam referet pagina nostra manum.  
An nova praecerpis? Tibi dum non lecta manebunt  
Haec quoque restabunt, qualiacunque, nova.

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